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SUNSHINE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

Our griefs are soon forgot;
They were and they are not,
And the happy-hearted world little cares for vanished pains:
But we fill the cup of pleasure
To so deep and brimming measure
That the subtle overflowing fragrance all our being stains.

From perils dark and frightful
Come memories delightful,
From the granite cliffs of trouble golden grains of promise won;
Through life's midnight we grope
Unto many a starry hope,
And the deepest, drearest shadow is prophetic of the sun.

In passionate ebb and flow
The sullen waves of woe
Gushing on us in a torrent sweep our warm hearts bare of love,
But on the deepest tide
The ark of hope will ride,
And an earth green through the deluge greets the white wings of our dove.

With tender lips, relief
Smiles down the pang of grief;
On a mist of falling tear-drops is the bow of promise built;
And the cruel hand of death
Unto Eden openeth,
Heaven drinks the rich, rare wine of life from Earth's rent goblet spilt.

Lapt in a sunny dream
We float adown life's stream,
Though the chilling winter winds blow across a dismal wold;
Summer fancies swim and dart
Through the sunshine of the heart,
While the world without us shivers in the bleak embracing cold.

PHILIP MORTON;

OR,

Adventures on the Pennsylvania Frontier.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR of "The Scout," "The Quaker Partisans," &c.

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CHAPTER IV.

Somewhere about the middle of the last chapter, I left the Chippawa who had secured the canoes to the root, just rising to leave the water.

At the report of the rifles, however, and the first yell of the Delawares, instead of carrying out his first intention, he dropped down again below the bank, and thereby came to grief.

For while he was peering watchfully over the edge of the bank, without any suspicion of enemies near to him than those on the shore, his ankles were suddenly seized beneath the water and jerked from under him, bringing him down upon his back with a splash, which, however, in the hubbub, attracted no attention. He had no time, even, to utter an exclamation; for as he struck the water, his heels were tilted up in a manner that sent his head helplessly beneath the surface and absorbed all his attention in the one effort to get it up again.

He kicked furiously, to free his ankles from his unknown assailants, and made desperate efforts to double himself forward so as to raise his head; but the Delawares, as soon as they had secured him, emerged fearlessly from their hiding place, trusting that those on shore had their attention too fully taken up to notice them, and, keeping a firm hold upon their victim, straightened themselves up and raised his feet into the air, and then deliberately held them there, despite the drowning man's prodigious struggles.

These soon grew fainter, his muscles gradually relaxed, and in a moment more he hung by the feet, a dead weight in the hands of his slayers.

Dragging him under the tree to secure him until his scalp could be taken at leisure, the two Delawares quietly unmoored the canoes and then wading cautiously, towed them a few rods down the stream and secured them beneath some bushes which overhung the shore.

They then immediately made their way around through the trees to where the fight was going on, coming in at the rear of their own party. A hasty word to Diahausa and Eli apprised them of the removal of the canoes, and was followed at the same moment by the headlong rush of the Chippawas to the water's edge, as stated before.

When they discovered that the canoes were gone, they stood for one instant in blank despair, and then, as if by common impulse, darted forward, plunged into the rapid stream and struck boldly out into the darkness. The Delawares were about to follow, but were recalled by the voice of Storm-Cloud, and came back, rather reluctantly to the shore.

"It is enough," said the chief, "the Chippawas are musk-rats and have taken to the water. Let them go, and let my young men bring their canoes, and we will go over to the block-house across the river; some of my young men have been hurt by the rats' teeth, and I wish the medicine-man of the Saggenah to heal them."

This was true enough; none of the Delawares had been killed, but three of them had been wounded, one slightly, the other two quite sharply enough to require looking after.

"That's right, chief," said Eli, who had been examining the hurts of the two men as well as he could in the dark, "the sooner they're seen a'ter the better. Wild-Cat here's got an ugly dig in the thigh that's bleedin' a good deal faster 'n I like."

Philip, who had risen to his feet the moment he was free, sprang towards the spot instantly, suspecting the state of the case from Eli's words.

The latter was upon one knee, sustaining the head and shoulders of a young Delaware who lay in his arms, and from the hollow of whose thigh a bright scarlet stream was spouting in jets, as if driven by a force-pump.

"The femoral artery has been cut," said Philip, stooping down and pressing his two thumbs forcibly upon the thigh just above the wound; "get me a large pebble somebody—one about as big as a walnut."

After a few moments' groping about the beach in the dark, Mose approached, saying:

"Me can't fin' no pebble, sa; bya'e a fat mussel I cotch in de water."

"That will do," said Philip; "now Eli, just hold it here where my thumbs are, and keep it pressed down hard enough to stop the blood if you can."

Fortunately Philip still retained enough of his civilized habits to carry with him a pocket handkerchief, one of the large, comfortable kind, of strong silk, such as we occasionally see even now in elderly men who have not given in to the white cambric napkin which has succeeded it; drawing this from his pocket he folded it quickly, and by the aid of the shell and one of his pistols, used as a wrench, made an extempore tourniquet which temporarily checked the flow of blood.

In the few moments since he had received the wound—for the whole skirmish, long as I have been compelled to take in describing it, did not last more than three or four minutes—Wild-Cat had lost so much blood that he had fainted, and was indeed almost in the last stage of exhaustion; for it takes a severed femoral artery but a few minutes, if not stopped, to pump the life out of the strongest man.

By the time Philip had secured his extempore tourniquet, the canoes had been brought into the cove again, and were awaiting their passengers.

Wild-Cat was raised slowly and carefully, carried to the beach and laid in the bottom of the largest canoe.

The second wounded Indian, whose hurt was slight, bound some leaves over it with his belt, and walked to another canoe; the third, who had been partially stunned by the stroke of a tomahawk which had turned in its owner's hand, and instead of splitting the skull had glanced, detaching a portion of the scalp and half the right ear, had recovered his faculties, though still a little dizzy, and walked to the beach without assistance.

There was a slight delay among the other Indians which Philip understood, as he stood by the canoes waiting, with his face averted from them.

Presently they filed silently down to the beach and entered the canoes, with the fresh scalps of their dead enemies hanging at their girdles. He felt sickened, for it was the first time he had seen one of these ghastly trophies, but he knew there would be no use in saying anything in opposition to what was one of the most deeply-rooted customs of the race to which his savage friends belonged.

As the canoes glided over the water, Eli, who was in the same one with Philip, and had noticed his look of disgust, whispered to him—

"It's Injin natur', Master Philip; the braves 'ud ha' thunk themselves disgraced if they'd gone off without them skelps, as much as a white soger, if he'd throw'd away his colors. Anyhow, we 're got to thank 'em that our skelps hain't a-travellin' away at the girdles o' them Chippawa wolves. We'd ha' been in a corn-twisted difficulty, if they'd got to the shanty afore Storm-Cloud did."

"You took none yourself, Eli?" said the young man.

"Sartinly not. I hain't turned Injin yit. I kin kill one o' the varmints with as little concarn as anybody, if it's got to be done; but when I've kilt him, I let him lay. You an' me's the only ones here that hasn't got his voucher for a dead Chippawa."

"You and I, only!" exclaimed Philip, speaking, in his surprise, rather louder than was prudent, for his mind instantly reverted to Mose.

"Sh!" said the old man, still speaking in a whisper, "yes, I seen the nigger a-tryin' his hand, an' haggling' work he made of it."

"I'll haggle him," said Philip, between his clenched teeth, "if he ever tries such a thing again."

Mose was in another canoe, so that Morton could not speak to him then, but when they reached the opposite shore, he approached him, and said sternly,

"So, you've begun to play savage already, have you? Throw that scalp into the water."

"Gosh! Mas'r Philip," said Mose, in surprise, "how you know I got any scalp?"

"Throw it away at once!" said Morton sharply. "Do you hear me?"

Mose reluctantly drew forth the reeking trophy from his pocket where, suspecting that his master would not altogether approve of his acquisition, he had thrust it for concealment, and threw it into the river, muttering to himself, "Tought we was all Injins now; Masr Philip's mighty cur'ous. Who gwine to b'lieb ole Mose kilt an Injin when he hain't got no dockaments to prove it?"

The party now prepared to move towards the block-house. The two empty canoes were lifted from the water and concealed among the bushes on the shore, while the one containing Wild-Cat, too weak to move hand or foot, though he had recovered from his swoon, was raised on the shoulders of three of the other Delawares, and they moved forward slowly to avoid jolting their burden.

The first gray of the dawn had begun to steal over the sky as they started, and by the time they arrived near the block-house, but still within the woods, it was light enough to see, though not yet very distinctly.

Near the edge of the clearing in which the building stood, Eli, who was in advance, made a sign to them to halt, and said to Diahausa,

"Let the Delawares wait here in the cover 'till me and the Short-Gun goes up to the block; they must ha' heered the firin' on t'other side, an' they'll be all alive an' 'll fire on the fust Injin they see; for the dumb fools don't know a Delaware in his paint from a Huron or an Iroquois."

Diahausa merely answering, "It is good," motioned to the bearers of the canoe to set it down, and Eli and Philip left their covert together and walked towards the block-house.

Approaching in the dim morning twilight, they were greeted by the savage bark of several bull dogs, and immediately after by the challenge of a sentry at one of the loopholes. After some little parley the gate was cautiously opened wide enough to allow them to pass within the palisades, where they found the place crowded with the inhabitants of the settlement, who had betaken themselves to the block-house at the first alarm.

Matters being explained to the commandant, Eli, by his direction, brought the Indians into the building, where the wounded men were at once placed under the hands of a surgeon who had strayed out to this wild place, and in whom Philip, after a bewildered stare, recognized—Sexton!

A warm grasp of the hand and a word of greeting were all that time permitted, then, for the wounded men, Wild-Cat, particularly, required instant attention.

A few minutes, under the skillful hands of the surgeon left the Indian, with the artery neatly taken up, and his life safe, if his system had energy enough left to rally.

Giving directions that he should be kept perfectly quiet, and himself called if anything should appear to be necessary, and having dressed the wounds of the other two, he rejoined Philip, whom, with Eli and Storm-Cloud, he found in consultation with the commandant of the block-house.

The last looked anxious and disquieted at the news he had heard.

"Are you sure," he said to Eli, "that there are no more within reach? It will be a bad business if they attack us with any force just now. I have but twenty-five fighting men, all told, and three of them have been out hunting ever since yesterday morning. Besides, you see how many women and children there are here."

"How are you off for provisions?" inquired Morton.

"Not too well off; we were getting short was the reason those three went out to hunt. I'm sadly afraid they've been cut off."

"I reckon not," said Eli; "Storm-Cloud's been on the trail, an' didn't see no sign of any 'cept this one party, leastways on t'other side o' the river, an' they was a'ter me in partic'lar; howsomever, you'd better send out a party to fetch in the cattle an' horses, if they kin ketch 'em; with them, an' plenty o' water in the spring here, we can stand 'em a siege if there is a party out an' they come at us."

This suggestion was acted upon at once, and, in the course of the day, some forty head of cattle and a dozen horses were brought in and housed in stalls which had been provided with a view to some such emergency as this.

By the time this was effected night was again approaching, and still the hunters had not come in.

The commandant, with Eli and Storm-Cloud, watched for them at the palisades 'till it grew too dark to see, and then giving the doubled sentries strict orders to fire on no one until they had called him, retired with his companions into the block-house.

As the evening wore away, the commandant became still more anxious, and said to Eli,

"They certainly would have got in before this time if nothing has happened to them!"

"Maybe they've sighted the critters fust if there's any of 'em out, an' are watchin' their motions," said Eli; "what do you say, Diahausa?" he asked, turning to the chief, who had been standing silent and motionless near them, "do you think they're took?"

"Um ole warrior? Know Injin?" asked Diahausa.

"Yes," said the commandant, "they're the three best scouts in the garrison."

"Maybe had long trail to find game. Garrison drum, drum, blow horn, shoot so much for sot'in', skeer game far off; spile huntin' ground."

"That may be," said the commandant, somewhat relieved; for though the same idea had occurred to him, he had unconsciously lost sight of it in his anxiety, and it was a consolation to have it brought up again by one whose opinion was entitled to weight; "that may be; if it is so they will certainly be in to-morrow, game or no game; Eli says you didn't see signs of any but the party that attacked you across the river."

"No, didn't see none; dat no sign; can't see bot' side river at once, an' Injin on war-path don't tell where he be, nor when he goin' to strike."

"Four of the gang you fought last night got away, I believe."

"Yes; dat bad, but couldn' help; too dark to chase um; if any more Injin in woods dey know where we come."

"You hear what he says, Eli," said the commandant, "what do you think?"

"I think he's right," said Eli; "I've no doubt them lopin' devils was somewhere among the bushes watchin' us as we—"

"H'st! listen!" interrupted Diahausa, raising his finger.

"What is it, Storm-Cloud?" said Eli, placing his hand behind his ear.

"I heard nothing," said the commandant.

"Hark!" exclaimed Eli, "there it is again," as a faint quavering sound was heard in the forest, which might have been mistaken for the yell of a distant panther.

"I heard it then," said the commandant, "but it sounded to me like a wolf or panther."

"Iroquois!" said Storm-Cloud, briefly; "got prisoner."

"I b'lieve you're right, chief," said Eli; "they must have got one or maybe all the hunters."

"That yell was a long distance off."

"Yes," said Eli, "but nobody knows how many of the corn-twisted varmint's lurkin' within rifle shot o' the palisades, though. If Storm-Cloud an' me was out on the river now, we mout paddle up quietly an' find out somethin' about 'em."

"That would only risk putting yourselves in the same position as my poor men."

"Not much risk," said Eli, "if we was only fairly out on the water. The big canoe's here in the block, but if we undertake to carry it across to the water, we can't dodge the sharp eyes of the scamps if there's any of 'em outlyin' near."

"The canoe! I had forgotten it!" exclaimed the commandant; "we can manage it easily now."

"How?"

"There's an underground passage from the block-house," said he in a whisper, "opening into the river, large enough to take the canoe through; the water comes about one-third of the way up, deep enough to float it, and the opening at the water's edge is covered by bushes that hide it entirely; you can go out that way."

"That will do," said Eli; and then communicating his plan to Diahausa, the canoe was brought and carried into the passage until the water was reached, and the two men, fully armed, and with some provisions, in case their stay should be long, departed on their dangerous errand.

CHAPTER V.

After Eli and Diahausa had left the block-house, the two friends had withdrawn into the doctor's apartment, a little nook about seven by eight feet, partitioned off from the rest of the building, and sat down to have a little quiet talk.

"Imprimis," said the doctor, (there were no Temperance Societies in those days,) "have you learned to drink corn whiskey since you left home? I can't say much for any quality in it except strength, of which it has enough and to spare. But wine has not travelled out this way yet, and I've nothing better to offer you;" suiting the action to the word, and handing him a tin cup and a small jug filled with the fiery essence.

"Oh, yes, I've learned that, perforce, for there's nothing else to be had," said Philip, pouring out a modicum of the liquor, qualifying it with water, and drinking it without any of the quaking that would afflict me, should I venture to take as much of the drugged and bedeviled stuff that rejoices in the name now.

"Secundo," said he to Sexton, after clearing his throat, for the liquor, though pure and somewhat weakened besides, was as hot as fire. "What has induced the learned London physician to forsake his lucrative practice, and settle himself here among these very uncouth patients?"

"Why, the lucrative practice was so very much in future, that it required a powerful telescope to see it at all. The skull I had mounted on top of my book-case became grimy with dust, and began to look unpleasantly suggestive; the bottles in the case were covered with undisturbed dust, and the spiders had taken possession of them as fixtures that were not to be moved, and I was beginning to get the horrors, living so much in such pleasant company, with nothing to vary the entertainment. So, being offered the post of surgeon in a regiment ordered to the Colonies, I accepted it, partly in the hope of meeting you, and partly, because it gave me a prospect of doing something.

"We had a capital mess, very pleasant fellows, and for a year or so I enjoyed it very well, and had enough work to do besides to keep me from getting rusty. But, by that time, I began to feel restless again, and having heard a good deal of the wild life on the border, I concluded to try it. Colonel Wharton, our commandant, who was ordered to this post, had taken a fancy to me, and when I offered to accompany him, at once made arrangements to have me attached to his force.

"We came out together, about six months ago, and I've been here ever since, among a people so outrageously healthy, and with such a wholesome dread of 'doctor's stuff' that I've had, literally, nothing at all to do in a professional way, except three or four times to help their wives when they were in some little trouble.

"That's all my story; and now for your turn; what has brought you out here to the middle of no-where, in this outlandish rig, and among these outlandish people?"

Philip Morton's brow grew dark and gloomy, and he remained silent, with compressed lips, for a moment.

Walter looked at him in surprise, and then said, kindly, "Never mind, Phil, if it pains you to think of it; let us talk of something else."

"It is not a very long story, Sexton," replied Morton, "nor is it a very pleasant one; but you are the only friend I have here to whom I could tell it, and I have been brooding over it so long, that I feel as though it would be a relief to me to talk about it for once.

"You know we sailed for Boston when I left England with my regiment, two years ago.

"I won't tire you with any description of the voyage, as you have made it for yourself, and know what it is. We had a long, rough passage, over six weeks, with most of the men and all the officers, except myself, sea-sick the greater part of the time.

"On our arrival at Boston, we settled down into our quarters, heartily sick of the sea and all that pertained to it; and, having little else to do, we employed ourselves in getting acquainted with all the families we could, and soon had a large and very pleasant circle to visit. Sexton, if I had known where I was going to drift, I should have dropped Philip Morton into the sea before he ever saw the shore of America; it would have been better than the fate on which he rushed blindfold, like the stricken fool he was."

"You fell in love with somebody, and were deceived by her!" said Sexton, inquiringly; "the old story of a man's strong heart pouring all its treasure into the maelstrom of a heartless flirt's vanity."

"No, you are mistaken," said Morton: "Mary Lowell was no flirt, but as true-hearted a girl, I know now, though I was fooled into doubting it until too late, as ever received and frankly returned an honest affection. She was a beautiful girl, Sexton, and as gentle and trusting and warm-hearted and loving as she was beautiful; we were both deceived, made the victims of a plot, deliberately laid and carried out with a cold-blooded, infernal ingenuity—it sets me wild," he exclaimed through his clenched teeth and shivering from head to foot; "it drives me wild, I tell you, Sexton, when I think what helpless babies we were in the hands of that she-devil. When I think how we both trusted her implicitly; how, believing her professions of friendship, we blindly put into her hands the very best means of accomplishing her ends—how we unconsciously assisted all her plans, grateful for the motherly interest she seemed to take in us, I feel as though I should go mad!"

"Who was she?" asked the doctor.

"A Mrs. Lawrence, a widow with a son and daughter, whom she was anxious to provide for at the expense of somebody else. I'm telling you now what I found out afterwards; she was a cool, calculating schemer, who contrived to ascertain the wealth or expectations of every unmarried man or woman with whom she came in contact, with the view of picking up an eligible match for those precious children of hers. The son was a stupid, good-natured lout, who was a passive tool in his mother's hands, never trusted with any knowledge of her schemes; but the daughter was fully worthy of her, just as cold-blooded and heartless, and wanting nothing but experience to make her as dangerous.

"They knew that Mary would be wealthy at the death of her uncle, with whom she lived, (for she was an orphan,) and they had been told that my own means were ample to maintain such an establishment as they had set their—what you please, not hearts—upon, and it was at once decided that I should marry the daughter, while Mary should be secured for the son.

"As if to further their plans, just at this time I was ordered off with a part of the regiment on some service, which detained us about three months.

"With my departure the mother and daughter began their operations. My own letters to Mary were intercepted—they had been sent under

cover to Mrs. Lawrence, at her suggestion, to avoid the gossip which might arise—and others substituted, written by some scoundrel they had employed—I never could learn his name—who could imitate my handwriting perfectly. These letters were contrived, with devilish skill, to show a gradual falling off in my affection, and finally I was made to ask to have our engagement annulled, on the plea of having discovered that I had mistaken my feelings towards her, that I was about to be married, and winding up by insulting her with the hope that we could still mutually esteem each other; that it was fortunate that we had discovered *our* mistake in time, and all the rest of such balderdash as the scoundrel I was made to appear would be likely to write.

"The letters were dated as from a point a hundred miles from where I was actually stationed, and on going there afterwards I found a number of letters from Mary directed to me, at first full of warm affection, then of gentle complaint of my coldness, and the last one giving me back my plighted faith, as she believed I had asked her to do, enclosing a ring I had placed on her finger the day we parted, and requesting me to send her one she had given me at the same time.

"The letters I received, however, and which I supposed to be from her, were forgeries, and similar in tone to the forgeries which had been imposed upon her as my letters—

"But I wonder you didn't detect the cheat by the handwriting," said Sexton; "it is hardly likely that two such expert imitators as you spoke of could be found."

"There was no need of it," said Morton, "as it happened, I had never seen Mary's writing, and therefore, when I received letters in a neatly written lady's hand, post-marked Boston, and signed with her name, I suspected nothing, but read them, as a matter of course, as hers.

"The last letter I received as from her, reached me about a week before we were to return; it was that which first aroused my suspicions; it contained the announcement of her intended marriage with Walton Lawrence in ten days after the date of the letter which was then a week old; but it was made, indeed the whole letter was couched in language so utterly heartless and flippant, speaking as though the whole matter had been understood between us as a mere flirtation, meaning nothing, that I knew Mary could never have even seen it, much less written it. And there I was, certain that there was some terrible deception going on, sure that, if I could see her for ten minutes, I could clear it all up, but, at the same time so far distant that it would require more than all the time that remained, travelling night and day to reach her, and, worst of all, within two hours of starting on a secret expedition of so dangerous a character that I could not hint at leave of absence without certainly subjecting myself to the suspicion of cowardice. What was I to do?"

"You were the servant of the King, engaged upon his work, and your duty to him was paramount," said Sexton, in a stern grave tone, "I know you did your duty."

"I did; though with how much heart for it, you can judge; when it was accomplished, we returned to Boston, arriving in two weeks from the time I had received the last letter. I found Mary the wife of young Lawrence—married only three days before!"

Something that sounded like a savage curse broke through the compressed lips of Sexton, but he made no other remark. Morton continued:

"The next day, I enclosed the letter to her, stating when I had received it, and adding that I was sure this was the first time she had ever seen it. The messenger returned with her answer. 'Come to me at once, Philip; there is some dreadful mistake.'

"She was at the house of Mrs. Lawrence, and, as you may suppose, it was not many minutes before I was at the door.

"I found Mary, with Mrs. Lawrence and her daughter, in the parlor. The two last, though surprised and evidently somewhat disconcerted at seeing me then, rose and greeted me with every appearance of cordiality. Mary sat still, unable to rise from agitation, but looking at me with an expression of bewildered dread.

"Returning the greetings of the mother and daughter coldly, I crossed over at once, without noticing them farther, to where Mary sat, and simply saying,

"'Mary, I fear we have both been foully deceived,' handed her all the letters I had received—asking if she had ever seen them before.

"As she glanced rapidly over them, in succession, the look of bewilderment changed to an expression of ghastly horror that has haunted me ever since, and will haunt me to my grave. Dropping the letters, she rose, and saying—'Wait for me one moment, Philip,' left the room. She returned almost immediately with a number of letters, which she placed in my hands without speaking. I tore them open and found, what I have already told you.

"'It is as I expected, Mary,' said I, 'these are forgeries; I never saw one of them 'till this moment.'

"'Nor I the others,' said she faintly, and then fell heavily to the floor, the blood bubbling from her lips from a ruptured artery. They carried her to her room, and in less than a week she was dead. Do you wonder that I left the place where I had gained such an experience as this, and where I should have been driven mad by the *pity* of every one who knew me?

"I sold out my commission and came out here to begin a new life, and try if I could ever forget the old one. I have not succeeded yet. It isn't a very pleasant story, is it, Sexton?" and the young man gave a short dreary laugh, fuller of the sharpest agony than any groan could have been.

Walter Sexton remained silent for a few moments, and then broke out with an expression of his opinions of the two ladies and their skilful handiwork, couched in language so pithy, so condensed, and with so little deference to etiquette in its extremely personal character, that I had rather leave you to imagine it, if you can.

Philip made no remark, but sat with his face between his hands, recalling sadly the memories of the pleasant time before the heavy clouds had fallen over his life.

Sexton, who loved him like a foster brother, which, I do believe is, nine times out of ten, better than born brothers love each other, also remained silent, revolving one impracticable plan of revenge after another, and dismissing them all in turn, until Philip again spoke.

"Walter, I've told you my story; I've told it, and will tell it to no other living man; I only want to forget it if I can; will you help me to by never again alluding to it?"

"Certainly I will, Morton; it's the very best thing you can do; I will never speak of it again; neither do I intend to forget it."

And thus it was that Philip Morton became an ex-lieutenant of his Gracious Majesty's forces, away out on the border of the peaceful province of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER VI.

While Philip had been telling his story in the block-house, Eli Flint and Diahausa had been paddling their canoe silently and swiftly against the rapid stream towards the island, where the latter had seen the Chippawa party the day before. It was rather a measure of precaution than of actual necessity, for, as they had expected, they found it entirely deserted, and immediately pushed for a point on the main land opposite the island.

The point they chose for landing was a flat rock which shelved down into the river, with plenty of bushes overhanging the water, on each side of it, under which they could hide the canoe, but which, as the two scouts were actively aware, might also answer as a hiding place for an uncomfortably large force of the very enemy they were seeking.

Accordingly, before landing, they halted about twenty yards from the shore, safe from observation in the darkness, and steadying the canoe from drifting down stream by setting their paddles against the shallow bottom, they remained in perfect silence for nearly half an hour, listening acutely to every sound that came from the forest, and straining their eyes upon the rock and the dark line of bushes that fringed the shore on either side of it.

Satisfied at last that they were alone, Diahausa, who was sitting forward, raised his paddle off the bottom and allowed the snout of the canoe to fall off before the current, until it headed towards the rock, when, by a few long noiseless sweeps of both paddles, it was shot forward like a bubble, and in a moment was lying still in the slack water on the lower side of the rock, with its occupants crouched low on the bottom. After waiting a moment in this position, they stepped out cautiously, secured the canoe under the bushes, and trailing their rifles, moved rapidly forward into the forest.

Once clear of the bushes near the shore, they pushed forward among the open trees at a long, silent lope, which carried them along with great speed, Diahausa in advance, his dark form gliding in and out among the trees as smoothly and noiselessly as a snake, but every now and then stopping behind one large enough to conceal him, and drawing himself up rigidly against it to listen and reconnoitre, Eli following his example.

After repeating this manœuvre three or four times, the Indian suddenly gave a low hiss and made a sign to his companion to join him as he stood against a large tree, so close that his body in the darkness might easily have been mistaken for a mere irregularity in the trunk.

Stealing up to him, Eli asked if he had seen anything.

"Smoke!" was the reply.

"Smoke! Where?" said Eli, in a barely audible whisper. "I don't see no fire light, and nobody can see smoke in this darkness."

"No say see 'um. Can't smell? Bald Eagle got nose, eh?" said Storm-Cloud, rather curtly.

"Yes, I'm got a nose, and I thunk it a good one, too," said Eli, or Bald Eagle, the name by which he was better known along the frontier to the Indians, both friends and foes, and which had been given him on account of a considerable space on the top of his head, where time had rooted out his thick locks; "yes, Chief, I'm got a nose, but it don't tell me smoke nor nothin' like it; well, well, I 'xpected to begin to fail sometime, but I s'posed the jints 'od go first an' then the eyes; I reckoned the nose 'ud hold out."

"See!" said Storm-Cloud, pointing a little to the left, as a faint light flashed suddenly up from the ground about a hundred yards off, and then sank down again, as though some dry leaves had caught from a branch thrown upon a fire, "no want smell now."

The two men stood earnestly gazing in the same direction, while the light gradually struggled up again, this time increasing steadily, as the wood which had been thrown upon the fire began to kindle, leaving no doubt as to the direction in which to look for their enemies.

"They must be mighty strong, or else big fools," muttered Eli, "to put up such a sign as that to tell everybody where to find 'em."

They now moved forward, step by step, feeling cautiously with each moccasined foot before the weight was allowed to rest upon it, lest the snapping of a stick or the crunching of a dry leaf should betray them, until they had arrived within thirty or forty feet of the edge of the circle, in which Eli counted twenty-three Indians, all but four of whom were, by their paint, evidently Iroquois, lying asleep around the fire. The other four, he saw, were Chippawas, undoubtedly of the party with whom he had lately been engaged.

Just outside the circle, with his back to a tree, and bound fast to it, stood a white man, over six feet high, whose huge limbs and massive chest and shoulders, while they betokened enormous strength, gave but little promise of speed in a race. He was clad in the ordinary dress of a hunter, and a single Indian, with his rifle lying carelessly in the hollow of his arm, paced up and down his short beat in front of him.

Light enough shone upon the prisoner's face to enable Eli to recognize in him one of the hunters he had often seen at the block house.

At the same time, Diahausa, giving a brief direction to Eli to keep the sentry covered with his rifle, let himself down silently at full length, and started to crawl in this position, inch by inch, towards the tree.

He had traversed about half the distance, and was lying flat and close in the shadow of a clump of bushes, watching for the sentry to turn his back to him that he might get nearer the tree, when, just as the back was turned and Diahausa was about to resume his cautious movement, there was a sudden rustling in the branches of a tree above the sentry's head, and before he had fairly time to look up, a dark body shot down across the fire-light like a plummet right upon his head and shoulders, and the Iroquois, dropping his rifle and instinctively throwing up his hands to protect his face, reeled backwards to the ground in the clutch of a panther!

The yell of the brute as it leapt, aroused the whole party, who sprang on their feet, yelling in their turn, and then, as the cause of the disturbance became manifest, rushed at the combatants, who were struggling and thrashing about upon the ground, the man grasping the beast's throat with both hands, and holding back its snapping jaws from his face by main strength, while the beast was making fearful rips with its claws in the man's naked back and shoulders.

There were hatchets and knives enough ready, but it was difficult to use them with safety, owing to the incessant changes of position of the combatants, their comrade being quite as often under the blow when about to fall, as the panther.

Several of them now bethought themselves of the fire, and seizing the flaming brands, attacked the panther with them. The raging beast had smelled blood, however, and for a few moments held on stubbornly to his prey, growling and tearing and snapping, regardless of the scorching blows and thrusts, until one of his assailants succeeded in inserting a blazing chunk between his open jaws, while another, at the same moment drove his knife into his side behind the fore leg, to the heart.

The struggle had insensibly drawn the whole party to some distance from the prisoner, and while it was going on, in the excitement and hurly-burly, no one had thought of him.

Diahausa had taken advantage of the confusion, when they rushed at the panther, to make his way to the tree, and with a quick whispered caution to the prisoner to keep still, had cut the thongs that bound him to it; then waiting for an instant, and seeing that the man stood firmly, without tottering, he whispered, "Can run? No, too stiff?"

"All right," said the other in the same tone. "Den come; no make noise."

Slipping silently around the tree so as to bring it between himself and the enemy, and favored by the darkness, which enveloped everything, now that nothing was left of the fire but the scattered smouldering brands, he followed close upon the heels of Storm-Cloud until they reached the spot where Eli had remained watching.

The last had seen the whole fray, and was on his feet waiting for them, and the three immediately struck off into the forest, rather more slowly than was altogether desirable, in order not to leave the prisoner, who, besides the weight he had to carry, was more numbed than he had supposed at first, though the thongs had not been drawn around his limbs so tightly as to impede the circulation to any great degree.

They had need of dispatch; for not more than two hundred yards had been gained before a tempest of discordant yells, followed by the crashing of bushes and the pattering of bounding feet announced, unmistakably, that the escape had been discovered, and the hunt was fairly up.

This was embarrassing, though nothing more than had been expected. To add to the difficulty, it soon became evident from the sounds in different quarters that the pursuers had scattered, and were beating the woods in all directions. It will be remembered that they were entirely ignorant of the presence of any except themselves and their prisoner, whom they knew to be unarmed, in this part of the forest, and they moved about singly without any attempt at concealment, each warrior anxious for the honor of retaking him single handed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EASTER EGGS.

BY THE LATE CAPTAIN FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN, OF THE U. S. A.

Trinity bells with their hollow lungs
And their vibrant lips and their brazen tongues
Over the roofs of the city pour
Their Easter music with joyous roar,
Till the soaring notes to the sun are rolled,
As he swings along in his path of gold.

"Dearest papa," says my boy to me,
As he merrily climbs on his mother's knee,
"Why are these eggs that you see me hold,
Colored so finely with blue and gold?
And what is the wonderful bird that lays
Such beautiful eggs upon Easter days?"

Tenderly shine the April skies,
Like laughter and tears in my child's blue eyes,
And every face in the street is gay,
Why cloud this youngster's by saying nay?
So I cudgel my brains for the tale he begs,
And tell him this story of Easter eggs:

You have heard, my boy, of the man who died,
Crowned with keen thorns and crucified;
And how Joseph the wealthy—whom God reward!—
Cared for the corpse of his martyred Lord,
And piously tombed it within the rock,
And closed the gate with a mighty block.

Now close by the tomb a fair tree grew,
With pendulous leaves and blossoms blue,
And deep in the green tree's shadowy breast
A beautiful singing bird sat on her nest,
Which was bordered with mosses like malachite,
And held four eggs of an ivory white.

Now when the bird from her dim recess
Beheld the Lord in his burial dress,
And looked on the Heavenly face so pale,
And the dear feet pierced with the cruel nail;
Her heart nigh broke with a sudden pang,
And out of the depths of her sorrow she sang.

All night long, till the moon was up,
She sat and sang in her moss-wreathed cup.
Her song of sorrow was wild and shrill
As the homeless wind when it roams the hill,
So full of tears—so loud and long,
That the grief of the world seemed turned to song.

But soon there came through the weeping night
A glittering angel clothed in white;
And he rolled the stone from the tomb away,
Where the Lord of the Earth and Heavens lay;
And Christ arose in the cavern's gloom.
And in living lustre came from the tomb!

Now the bird that sat in the heart of the tree
Beheld this celestial mystery,
And its heart was filled with a sweet delight,
And it poured a song on the throbbing night—
Notes climbing notes, till higher, higher,
They shot to Heaven like spears of fire.

When the glittering white-robed angel heard
The sorrowing song of the grieving bird,
And heard the following chant of mirth
That hailed Christ risen again on earth,
He said, "Sweet bird, be forever blest—
Thyself, thy eggs, and moss-wreathed nest!"

And ever, my child, since that blessed night,
When death bowed down to the Lord of Light,
The eggs of that sweet bird change their hue,
And burn with red and gold and blue;
Reminding mankind in their simple way,
Of the holy marvel of Easter Day.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,		$2,50
Two copies, "		4,00
Four copies, "		8,00
Eight copies, "	and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty " "	and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4,00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

Remittances should be made in Post Office Orders when possible. If not, in United States notes—or Drafts, payable to our order, which are preferable to the notes.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent on receipt of five cents.

Address HENRY PETERSON & CO.
No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $60
2. Thirty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $75

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and Ten *dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. While if she gets thirty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded.

The Clubs may be composed partly of subscribers to THE POST, and partly to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

REDUCTION OF $10.00.

A SPLENDID OFFER.

If our readers be not entirely asleep upon this subject of Sewing Machines, we design now to stir them up a little.

While we have sent a number of Sewing Machines to the getters-up of Clubs, that number has been ridiculously small, compared to what it ought to be.

We will now reduce the rates—at least for a time—and see if we can set some thousands of our readers to work, for their advantage and ours.

To every one who will send us a Club of

20 Subscribers and $60.00

or

30 Subscribers and $75.00

we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's $55 Sewing Machines.

This is a reduction, as it will be seen, of Ten Dollars from our previous offers.

The Clubs may be made up either of subscriptions to The Saturday Evening Post, or to The Lady's Friend, or to both periodicals.

There is no "humbug," as some appear to think, about this offer. The Machine sent will be the Wheeler & Wilson's Machine which is sold in this city and New York for Fifty-Five Dollars cash. It will not be a second-hand article; it will be a new and genuine machine, in as perfect order, and precisely like those which you would buy of the agents.

Thousands of our readers—and especially among the ladies—ought to go to work at once, and take advantage of this splendid offer.

Certainly, nearly any one can raise a Club of twenty or thirty subscribers to The Post and Lady's Friend, when the reward is to be a Sewing Machine worth Fifty-Five Dollars!

At least, Try it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Eleven Years Ago."—Good—but too long for our columns. Our poetical correspondents should study brevity.

Declined.—"The Journey of Life" is respectfully declined.

SHAMEFUL.

The recent proceedings of certain of the citizens of Idaho and Oregon are a disgrace alike to Christianity and Civilization. These white Americans are acting with all the ruthless ferocity of savages, without having the excuse that the savages have of barbarism and heathenism. Read the following items of the recent news from those parts of the Union. We feel ourselves disgraced that we belong to the same country with the doers of such infamous deeds. Cannot Congress interfere for the curbing of these white savages?

"The people of Idaho have held a mass meeting and appointed twenty-five men 'to go Indian hunting.' The rewards of this sport are fixed at $100 for every 'buck' scalp, $50 for every 'squaw scalp,' and $25 for '*everything in the shape of an Indian under ten years of age.*'"

"A dispatch from Portland, Oregon, says the Indians in the Owhyhee region are very troublesome. The citizens had offered bounties for their scalps, and intended to make a clean sweep of them."

"A dispatch from Ruby City says that Capt. Walker, a few weeks since, charged an Indian camp at the mouth of Jordan creek, and left twenty-six Indians dead on the ground. Twenty were *bucks*, and fought desperately, killing one man and slightly wounding another. *Six squaws and children were killed in the charge.*"

What are the ministers of religion doing in Idaho and Oregon, that they allow such proceedings to pass without their indignant remonstrance and rebuke? What are our ministers doing here, that they do not denounce these disgraceful deeds?

THE SEWING MACHINE.

E. J. Tophff, of Sand Spring, Iowa, writes:—"I received the machine all right last Thursday week; it is a good machine, and every one that has seen it pronounces it to be a tip-top one. I am glad that I commenced getting up a club for your excellent periodical. Accept my thanks, and you may look for another club soon."

It Looks Like Peace.—O. H. Wilson, of Clarksville, Arkansas, writes as follows:—"Enclosed please find $2.50, the payment for the remaining half a year of The Post and the Magazine. I have never felt as though peace was made, until now that I look around, and see them lying on the table."

THE MOON.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—In The Post of March 24th we find this paragraph:—"January had two full moons, March will have two, and February has been left with none. This phenomenon *has not occurred before since the Creation, and will not again, according to astronomers, in two and a half millions of years.*"

The underlined part of the above paragraph is far from being true. That phenomenon has often occurred since the Creation. It has occurred four times in this nineteenth century, namely:—In 1809, 1828, 1847, 1866, and will again in 1885, and in the next century in 1904, &c., provided the moon has not fulfilled its mission before that time. D. Grace.

Canton, Ohio.

A Few Vulgarisms of Modern Writing.

From Chambers's Journal.

Would that there were some functionary of the nature of a good watch-dog to prevent the intrusion of colloquial vulgarisms into the noble English language! He who pens these lines suffers a continual exasperation from this cause. Within the last few years, three or four malapert terms have made themselves particularly offensive, and, what could scarcely be expected, they show their ugly snouts as much in the works of men of the highest talents as in inferior productions.

Oh, my good, clever friend Wilkie Collins, why will you so continually express the sense of the respectable old word "also" by "as well?" Believe me, it is not as well to do so. There are whole provinces in this island where nobody ever employs the term in the sense of also. I question if it is used at all in that sense beyond the hearing of the Park guns or the midnight boom of Big Ben. Wherever it is not so used, of course, your employment of it must appear as a vulgar provincialism. *Delcatur!*

And, dear Mrs. Henry Wood, you who have such a power of fixing our attention to your narratives, why will you always use the word "like" for "as?" Why pepper your clever books with this deformed phrase, to the offence of all whose praise is worth having?

There is a respectable old phrase, "What can Jack be doing in the stable?" which most modern London writers intensify into, "What*ever* can Jack be doing, &c.?" No literary men belonging to other parts of the island *as yet* use this phrase. Possibly they will ere long be doing so, which will be a great pity, for the phrase is certainly not correct English. Let us rather hope to see it denounced and put down, as good taste demands that it ought to be.

"There were *ever* so many people present"—"Preach to me *ever* so much, it will be all in vain"—are examples of what may be called a mistake rather than a vulgarism, which has of late come much into vogue. The word to be employed instead of *ever*, and which was employed by all past generations, is of course *never*. The late Mr. Thackeray continually made this mistake, and living writers of his elevated grade are not exempt from it.

Another error which has lately become very prevalent is, "It is no use"—the necessary particle "of" being omitted. It looks petty-minded to economise in the use of particles, at the expense of a breach of grammar, and if it be a fault in common speech, it is thrice a fault in writing. Let "of" be restored—let us say, "It is of no use," as our forefathers did, and as every classic writer continues to do; and so will one of my complaints be done away with.

If the English language were a rude one, only in the course of being formed, and devoid of classic models, it would be of little consequence that such errors as the above are committed by the writers of any particular province. As it is viewing what an illustrious position it has long attained—we must unloose such a watch-dog as we have upon them.

☞ Near Cambridge, Mass., a company of gipsies has located, one hundred in number. They obtain their livelihood chiefly by trafficing in horses, although some of the women are said to gather considerable money from the credulous by telling fortunes. The band is governed by a queen. She is married and has one child, and lives in great luxury compared with the style of her subordinates. Since their sojourn in Cambridge they have had a beautiful chariot built for her accommodation. The interior is provided with a bed, upon which the queen can recline while travelling through the country; and there are also apartments provided for her husband and child.

☞ The following is the conclusion of an epitaph on a tombstone in East Tennessee:—"She lived a life of virtue and died of the cholera morbus, caused by eating green fruit in the full hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave at an early age of twenty-one years, seven months and sixteen days. Reader, go thou and do likewise."

A Day in Nashville.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

Reader, have you ever been to Nashville? I mean, were you ever there during the war? Yes? Then does not a mention of the place make you shake in your shoes with disgust? Does not your heart expand and glow with profound sympathy and commiseration when you hear me say that I was there a whole day? yes, worse than that! a day and two nights! If this assertion fails to place me upon the topmost pinnacle of your sublime pity—then I am sorry for you, friend reader, and may be forced to shed tears over the opinion which I shall find myself driven, much against my will, to form of your nature. I shall conclude that you have lived in that place long enough to become utterly callous to humane feeling, and that nothing in the universe, henceforth, can ever awaken in your soul the semblance of a "sensation."

Before I went to Nashville, I heard many things said of that city, which made me regard it something in the way of pity. I could not help thinking that it had been looked upon through the medium of uncharitable lenses, manufactured from the thick growth of a demoralized age, and I was disposed to defend it. I am glad now I didn't! Had I ever been guilty of such a heinous sin I should now shroud myself in sack-cloth and ashes, in the very depth of my repentance! Charity has no mantle that can stretch its purity over a place like this, (at least I mean as it was two years ago) and like the doomed of Sodom I regarded the people of Nashville, and longed to turn myself into an angel, and bring out the few of good that should be saved from the general destruction.

One bright morning in '64, I woke with the sun, and my first thought was of Nashville. I rose and made a neat toilette, and after partaking of a hasty-cooked breakfast, repaired to the depot to catch the train. Of course it was full of soldiers! The cars knew no patrons so faithful as our brave, dirty, profane, kind-hearted, merry, rollicking soldiers. But, much as I liked them as soldiers, I cannot just feel comfortable with my feet in tobacco juice up to my shoe-lacings; and someway the clouds of smoke they puffed, like Marvel like, in great volumes through the cars, had a queer knack of getting into my eyes and throat, and making me sneeze. The first thing I knew I found myself a little nauseated, and in spite of me the tears would come for all the world as if I were crying. Then those boys would laugh and nudge each other with their elbows, and puff greater volumes still, amusing me with facetious remarks about "woman's passionate fondness for smoking, chewing, dipping," and the like.

For the sake of change, I got into the express car, and had a real merry time. I could walk about, and hold on to the sides of the door and look out at what we were passing on our way. I could do a great many things that would not be possible in a passenger car, and, of course, I liked it better.

The ride was rather a curious one, though every little while our old iron horse would get stubborn, like a "balky" mule, and refuse to go up hill. The engineer would feed and coax and drive with persevering zeal, and sometimes give him a "drink;" but with it all, we were an hour behind time in reaching our destination! Still, I did not mind that much. An hour is not so bad as half or even a whole day, tumbled up in a heap of rubbish on the New York Central, with nothing to eat, and people growling and swearing all around you, when you *might* be philosophic, otherwise, and sleep till the rubbish is taken away—thus forgetting your grievances.

The depot reminded me of a Metropolitan depot, in point of numbers. It was crowded, and noisy enough for a babel. Mud was plentiful too. But these are trifling things, not worth mentioning. This was only the verge of Nashville, on which our rash feet pressed in such blind ignorance!

Emerging into the open air, we stepped into a vehicle termed a "carriage," but, upon my word, I do not know how it ever could have crept under the burthen of so grand a misnomer! To me it looked more like a heap of greasy, muddy rags set upon wheezy wheels than anything else. But no matter what it was, I went up town in it. The thing set us down at the ladies' entrance of the St. Cloud, and I marched into the ladies' parlor with an "air," while my liege lord walked off to register our names and secure a room. My "airs" wavered, however, and flew away under the damp breezes they encountered in those sombre precincts. I do not think the grate had been guilty of a fire since that awful "cold snap" on the first of January.

Still, being blessed with a sweet temper, I sank upon a sofa and contemplated the room with placid patience. The centre table stood out bravely in its place, lifting a cold white marble face—not very clean, but white in spots—and seemingly in utter unconsciousness that it had been shorn of its ornamental corners, and the charming tit-bits of carving that had once adorned its numerous legs. What did it matter though, while "Queen Victory" smiled down upon it from the other side of the room, unheeding the fact that it had "seen better days" in the long ago. There was consolation for it, no doubt, in the fact that the carpet beneath was older, dirtier, and worse looking than it was.

I looked awhile at those, then at the artistic tracing of the all important words on the door, *Ladies' Parlor*. I wondered if the man who drew and painted those lines and letters had ever had what is called "delirium tremens?" If he had, surely he was under the influence of that singularly prevalent and afflicting disease when he executed the marvellous feat to which my eyes were drawn irresistibly then, and every time afterward that I ventured near the parlor.

After awhile a lady with whom I was slightly acquainted, came in, and we talked about the weather, shopping, &c. The picture she drew of the last named employment rather dampened my ardor a little; but I am naturally hopeful and sanguine in my disposition, and soon yielded to brighter expectations than hers had proved in the realization.

Presently a girl came, with a rich Irish brogue, to show me to my room, and I followed her at once up two flights of stairs, then we gave a sudden plunge into a queer passage in the rear, and making a sharp angle, started up another flight of stairs just wide enough for one foot at a time. They were crooked, too, and at the top had lost a part of the balustrade. To my dying day it will always remain a mystery how I escaped breaking my neck before I got away. What with crinoline, and sharp corners on which to hang, and twisting narrow steps over which to fall, it is the crowning wonder of wonders that I came away from Nashville with life still in me, and in a sound state.

Our room was another wonder. It contained two beds, wedged close together—a table, a wash-stand and two chairs. There was a carpet on the floor, but it reminded me of some of the old pictures we find in galleries, said to be by the "first masters," but over which you puzzle yourself vainly, and can take no pleasure, because the figures are utterly effaced by age and dirt. The poor little grate looked appealingly at me the moment I entered, as if begging for a spark of genial warmth. As for ornaments, there was but one in the room. That was a suit of light half Magenta, half Solferino woollen clothes, pants, coat and vest, heaped upon a chair by the wash-stand, and suggestive of measles, small-pox, and other contagious diseases of a like nature.

I took a survey coolly, however, then brushed my hair in readiness for tea. My *cara sposa* came up—the gong sounded an asthmatic roar, and we went down.

Crossing the room to a table, we, with a few friends, found ourselves in the midst of a busy scene, the hum of the metropolis-like bustle louder here than ever. The waiter stepped up to the friend on my left to know if he'd take "coffee." An affirmative answer was given, and forthwith coffee came for three. I sweetened the "black draught," poured into it some diluted water, and tasted. Angels and ministers of grace defend us! *What* was it I sipped with such unsuspecting innocence? Coffee? No! Perhaps there had been a few grains in it, to give it a "flute," as I once heard a backwoodsman say of their rye coffee. But the principal ingredients were not distinguishable. If I could imagine how liquid soap tastes, I certainly should have thought it liquid soap—only it was not the *pure* soap. There were various mixtures. Copperas, alum, saltpetre, and the extract of green persimmons! I was forced politely to decline coffee, and called meekly for tea. It came, a pale green liquid, flavored with brass, and a few poor little persecuted leaves floating on the top, and looking sickly from the sixth boiling in the course of the last three days. I drank it, though, wondering in a bewildered sort of way whether I would need any counter-poison before morning to save my life.

If an ox can live an hundred years, probably the first specimen of such remarkable longevity yielded us our steaks while at the St. Cloud. Still, I may have been weak, or my knife, which, to be sure, was a little rusty, may have been dull. Any way, after several attempts to cut a small piece—a generous one—I gave up in despair, and betook myself to a dish of eggs. Being hungry, I ate one with a little hard biscuit, (I suppose the cook was so busy he forgot and left them in the stove too long,) not perceiving that the other one which lay upon the same dish was spoiled, until I made a movement to transfer it to my plate. Then its peculiarly leaden color and singular odor had the remarkable tendency to disgust me with the one already disposed of, and make me conceive an intense longing to go to my room for a while.

After tea we went and shivered in the parlor, while we discussed the propriety of patronizing the theatre. Some time being thus disposed of, we finally concluded to go, and went, accordingly, hoping to secure a private box. But alas! for our hopes. The boxes were already secured, and we had to take tickets for the dress-circle, where we were squeezed in upon a narrow, high-backed bench which made me feel, very soon, as I imagine people must feel who have undergone the torture of the stocks.

I have forgotten what the play was that night, but I think it was one of the Couldock sensational pieces—Chimney Corner, very probably. But I was too much entertained in my spare moments (it took nearly all the time I had, to change my position from right to left, to make it endurable,) by a young girl in one of the private boxes, who rejoiced in the possession of a diamond ring, and could not conceal her pride from the audience. The place she occupied was very conspicuous, and she had deliberately removed her glove as an opening to the rich little play of vanity. Then she held up her hand to gaze at the sparkling stone, after which she put the tip of that particular finger to her cheek and turned full toward the audience. In a moment down would go the hand again, toying with fan, handkerchief and glove—always in sight, where the flash of that matchless stone might dazzle the eyes of the beholders.

Almost before I knew it, the curtain fell upon the scenes of romance and reality, while a general rising warned me that it was time to leave.

The hours intended for sleep, were devoted to hunting a soft spot in the little brick-like pillows; but it was vain, and I went down the next morning, feeling cross and hateful, and was regaled with a breakfast on a par with last night's supper!

Then came shopping—and the mud was fearful! Between it and the German Jews with whom I was forced to trade, I was almost dead when night came. Oh, how I longed for my own dear little sunny room at headquarters, where, though the furniture was scant, everything was fresh and pure, and around which the birds sang in the evergreen branches in the early morning. But the trial was soon over, and with the early dawn, we gladly welcomed the same crazy old vehicle which bore us back to the cars, and then we started for Athens—that beautiful little town in North Alabama, where we spent so many memorable weeks before Sherman took the field for his glorious campaign.

I have not been to Nashville but once since that time—then it was only to pass through on our way North. But I am told that it has changed greatly, and is once more a pleasant little city, though nothing like its original loveliness can ever shine again within its walls.

☞ Two gentlemen, rivals, called the same evening on the object of their affections. "John," said the one who came in last, and who had an umbrella in his hand, "if I come here again and find you here, I'll run this umbrella through you and spread it."

☞ The State Treasurer of Indiana recently received a package of money from the treasurer of Rose county, in that State, containing a twenty dollar bill, signed by the Treasurer of the United States, made "payable in Heaven," and the angel Gabriel's name affixed as cashier. The note was issued by the National Bank of Jeffersonville, and the Indianapolis Herald says it is *genuine*. The bank, however, refuses to redeem it, and the Herald understands a suit will be brought by Mr. Morrison, the State Treasurer, to recover the amount it calls for.

NIAGARA IN WINTER.

The 24th of January, 1866, was a white day in my calendar. I passed it amongst the white wonders of the ice of Niagara. For a score or more of years, as old inhabitants assured me, there had been nothing like it. The marvels of the grandest of the glaciers amongst the Alps did not surpass it. In some aspects they did not equal it.

The morning of Saturday, the 20th, was almost summer-like in mildness, and rainy. But before night the weather grew intensely cold, and the wind blew a gale. The morning of the Sabbath saw the waters of the cataract greatly swollen, and huge masses of ice dashing down the abyss. Whole fields of it, cracked and torn in the rapids above, plunged headlong into the awful cauldron, and were then ground and dashed into myriads of fragments. It must have been a magnificent sight.

But what was more marvellous, the ice had becomed jammed, or was jamming, from shore to shore; so that on the Sabbath, from the very foot of the Falls almost to the Suspension Bridge—two miles—there was one compact mass of it. The narrow channel could not disgorge the masses which had come from the broader surfaces above, and the accumulations, held more firmly by congelation, choked up the outlet; and when the wild waters swept and eddied underneath, the foot of man could pass in safety from the United States to Canada!

But water and ice had not finished their work in building this marble bridge. It must be lifted and torn and ridged. It must have profound fissures, into which one might look with awe, wild hummocks, and broad fields of terrific roughness—roughness which I can equal in memory only by the lava of Vesuvius freely poured and cooled from the side of the rent crater, and this was effected by continuous accessions of ice, which, coming over the cataract, plunged under the surface, and by the violence of the water, swept onward, lifted the mighty mass bodily on its back. In this way the ice was perhaps from twenty to fifty feet in thickness!

It was thus that I saw it on the 24th. Going at once down, at the inclined plane, to the ferry,—just below the cataract—I crossed over to the Canada side on foot, went to Table Rock, passed under the sheet, and came back as I went. Many others were performing the same feat.

It was a glorious morning, clear and brilliant, and a myriad icicles were pendent from every point where precipice projected. Just under Table Rock a vast column had formed, as if to say, "What is left of this ancient stand-point shall never perish!" Beside it was an ice-stalagmite, perhaps two feet and a half in diameter, and just high enough to serve as an altar, and crowned with rounded crystals which might well be taken for crowded garlands. How Nature, in her most fantastic forms, seems to speak of God! Under the Fall, where the rock is hollowed from the above like a scallop shell, was perhaps the highest concentration of beauty. This was one incrustation of icicles, glittering like diamonds in the sun. Under foot huge banks of ice had formed, inclining inward, so that the footing was more than safe; the only effort needed—to a certain distance—was to keep from sliding away from the water plump against the rocky wall.

Above, in the vicinity of Table Rock, the whole surface was one glare of ice to the very edge of the precipice; and I shuddered at the thought of a careless step plunging one downward to an awful death. At this point the icy spray was pouring like rain, making thicker and thicker the marble sheet which hid the ground.

In going over I had not sighted well my course, and so found myself in a world of whiteness and roughness. But in returning I marked a path where an eddy, apparently, had deposited a semi-circle of finely ground ice, almost from shore to shore; and on this I made the passage homeward with twice the ease that I had gone abroad. Blest is the path ever that leads us HOME!

Just under the American Fall, and in front of it, I got a view, the memory of which a life-time could not efface. The spray, freezing as it fell, had built up on the icy foundation a succession of hills, from thirty to fifty feet in height above the surrounding surface. They were beautifully rounded like a sugar loaf, and almost as white. One of these I climbed, and from it looked down into the awful gloom and madness of the plunging water. At my left half hidden in the mist, was another, and apparently still another. It was at this point that the sense of awe culminated.

Reclimbing the bank, past ice encrusting rock and tree and shrub, ice everywhere, I crossed to Goat Island. The passage to Terrapin Tower was barred and marked "Dangerous." But it was barred more effectively by the ice, which so covered the path by which you descend to it, that it was like letting yourself go from the ridge of the roof of a cathedral to start for it. But finding a place where a descent was possible, I let myself down by trees and rocks, and was soon at the Tower. Here, amidst spray and thunder I caught the final glory. The Sea of Ice was before me; the mad, cold waters rolled and plunged in their awful descent; terror and sublimity held high carnival; while on either hand, arching one from the American and one from the Canada side—as if to whisper of hope and heaven amidst those symbols of perdition and the pit—floated a quivering rainbow.—J. A. P., *in the Evangelist.*

Easter.

This festival, which commemorates our Lord's resurrection, was observed with the usual solemn ceremonials in all our Catholic and Episcopal churches. The name of the festival is derived from that of a Saxon goddess, whose feast was anciently celebrated in April. Some ascribe its institution to the Apostles, but the more general opinion is that it was first observed by their immediate successors, about A. D 68. A difference of opinion arose in the 2d and 3d centuries as to the precise day on which this feast should be celebrated, the Eastern churches adopting one mode of reckoning, and the Asiatics adopting another, and this produced a dispute remarkable as connected with, perhaps, the first event which can be brought to bear upon the question of the primacy of the Roman bishop; and it is the more interesting, as both parties are accustomed to claim it as a testimony in favor of their own views. Victor, Bishop of Rome, wrote an imperious letter to the Asiatic bishops, requiring their conformity to the Western rule, and was sharply answered by Polycrates, Bishop of Ephesus, in behalf of the rest, in which the Western churches asserted their determination to maintain the custom handed down to them by their ancestors. It was finally agreed, under the conciliatory meditation of Irenæus, that each party should retain its own custom, which practice continued till the time of Constantine, when the Council of Nice determined the matter by the following canons:

1st. Easter must be celebrated on Sunday.

2d. The Sunday must *follow* the 14th day of the paschal moon; so that if the 14th day of the paschal moon falls on a Sunday, then Easter must be celebrated on the Sunday following.

3d. The paschal moon is that moon of which the 14th day either falls on or next follows the day of the vernal equinox.

4th. The 21st day of March is to be accounted the day of the vernal equinox.

The object of these canons was to so fix Easter day that it might not fall on the day of the Jewish Passover, which was held on the very day of the full moon, and upon which day the Christians were not willing to celebrate their feast.

This, however, owing to the intricate calculations involved, was not introduced into France till 525, and in Britain and Ireland till about 800. The forty days immediately preceding Easter, and known as Lent, is a fast, the object of which is generally regarded as a preparation for Easter, and a time specially set apart for repentance over the sins of the past year, while the number of forty days devoted to it is thought to have reference to the Saviour's forty days' fast in the wilderness, to the forty days of the deluge, the forty days' wanderings of the Jews, the forty days granted to the Ninevites for repentance, or the time spent in fasting by Moses and Elias. According to the early Christian fathers, this fast was established in the time of the Apostles, while Protestant writers commonly assert, as in the case of Easter, that it originated in the 2d and 3d centuries. It seems to have been made obligatory as early as A. D. 250. Its duration was soon fixed at thirty-six days, though at first there was great diversity as to both the time and manner of its observance. Subsequently four days were added to its duration. In the Roman Catholic Church the nature of the fast is prescribed by rule. Only one meal a day is allowed, and, as in all precepts of fasting, the use of flesh meat is prohibited. A slight meal in the morning, not exceeding two ounces, and another in the evening, not exceeding eight ounces, are allowed. These rules are modified in countries where their observance, by reason of climate or national habits, would be injurious to health. In the United States meat is allowed several times a week, at the discretion of the bishop. In the Greek Church the rules are more rigid, while the Protestant denominations that observe the season of Lent leave the manner of its observance to individual judgment.

Holy Week, it is well known, is the name given in the Roman Catholic Church to the week immediately preceding the festival of Easter, because she then celebrates the most sacred mysteries with solemnities of peculiar interest, and it was anciently called the great or painful week, or week of sorrows. The ceremonies begin on Sunday, when Christ's entrance into Jerusalem is commemorated, by blessing palms, or other green branches, and distributing them to the people, whence the day is called Palm Sunday. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings the office of the *Tenebræ* (darkness) is chanted. During the service a large candlestick, supporting fifteen lights, arranged in the form of a triangle, denoting Christ and the prophets who predicted His coming, stands in the sanctuary; the lights are one by one extinguished until only the upper one remains, which is placed beneath the altar till the close of the office and then returned to its place, symbolizing Christ's burial and resurrection. The institution of the Lord's Supper is commemorated on Holy Thursday, and in some places the priest washes the feet of twelve poor persons, in imitation of the action of Christ to His Apostles. It is done by the priest to thirteen priests, though why the number should be thirteen, and not twelve, is not well understood.

Influence of Flowers.—During the raid of Quantrell in Kansas, and the sacking and ravaging of Lawrence, the gang came to the residence of George Ford, whose neat house was surrounded with flowers. The soldiers appealed to the leader to spare the place, "as it was too pretty to burn." He assented, and the house was spared, almost the only building left. Mr. Ford says now he shall cultivate flowers as long as he remembers the rebellion. The charm of a few flowers touched the hearts of men whom no misery or suffering, in the midst of which they were revelling, could reach, and saved from destruction the house referred to. Who does not love flowers, and who will not devote even a little space to them? They refine, they elevate.

Affecting Circumstance.—A New Hampshire exchange says that a lady who resides in Nashua who had lost a very dear child a few weeks ago, on Tuesday last managed to procure the key of the tomb in which the body was laid, opened the coffin, took the child in her arms and bore it home. There she tended it as though it was still living, and defied all endeavors to take it from her for several hours; and it was only from the effects of an opiate administered to her that the efforts made were finally successful.

☞ Apple Trees.—The Maine Farmer says that the fall is the best time to set out apple trees. The Farmington Chronicle insists that in our climate the spring is the best time. Speaking of apple trees we are reminded that now is the time to remove the eggs of the caterpillars from the twigs. They will be found in dark, pitchy rings, and a little search for them will be well repaid.—*Portland Transcript.*

☞ M. Ponsard, the author of a new and very successful play, just brought out in Paris, occupied an obscure seat in the back of a private box during the first performance of the piece, and the audience was first made aware of his presence by a shower of kisses bestowed upon him by his wife when the uproarious applause decided the success of the drama.

☞ Keying Bricks.—By the simple invention of moulding common bricks, with dove-tailed grooves, in various ways, by means of which they can be more firmly cemented together, a decided improvement in the construction of brick walls appears to have been secured, at little or no additional cost.—*English paper.*

☞ Stone Sawing.—Stone is now sawn in France with great rapidity and economy by means of a perforated disc of iron on which a coating of lead has been cast, the perforations serving to connect and bind the plates of lead thus formed on the two sides of the disc. The lead is kept well covered with emery, which falls on it from a reservoir above.

Hunting in England.

I should say the life of most Englishmen between thirty and sixty who can afford to subscribe £5 a year to hunt, was from ten in the morning to six in the evening in the saddle, in red coat, blue cravat, white breeches and top boots. During the autumn and winter there are meets of different packs every day, except Sunday, at distances from three to thirty miles from any and every place where you may happen to be. If the hounds meet at a moderate distance, you either ride over quietly on your hunter, or sending him very early in the morning, you ride over on your hack, and find your hunter fresh for you at the place where the hounds throw off.

If, on the contrary, the meet (usually at eleven o'clock) takes place twenty or thirty miles off, you put yourself into some early train, of which there always seems one just right about nine, and your horse into a hunting van—of which there are several attached to every train,—and in an hour you are thirty miles off, and your horse perfectly fresh. You follow the hounds ten, twenty, thirty miles, and when the fox or the day is ended your pocket Bradshaw will tell you the nearest station where you can find a horse van, never over five or six miles, and seven or eight o'clock finds you quietly seated at dinner. Nothing more remains for the hunting Englishman than to regulate the tie of his white cravat, which is apt to twist after dinner nearer his ear than his chin, feel quite confident of being able to say, "Tooral Rooral Country," or join the ladies for his cup of coffee before he retires to bed.

A NIMROD.

The great nimrod in England just now is the Duke of Beaufort, who, with his son, the Marquis of Worcester, hunts every day except Sunday, from October to the 8th of May, in order to kill the May fox. The Duke's place, Badminton, in Gloucestershire, about thirteen miles from Bath, has a very superb house, with an avenue of beeches four hundred years old, and the avenue is three miles long and five hundred feet wide, in beautifully soft and green turf; the park abounding in deer, among them a great many red deer, unusual in England.

The feature of the place is the stud. We were fortunate in falling into the hands of the stud groom, a gentlemanly, intelligent person, who gave us a thorough insight into hunting life. He exhibited to us forty thorough-bred hunters in active service, besides quantities of hacks, carriage-horses, ponies for the Duchess and children, etc. The Duke requires twelve fresh hunters every day (rain, snow or storm never deter him from going out;) three for himself, three for the Marquis of Worcester, who is only nineteen—the Duke about forty—three for the huntsman, and one for each of the three whippers-in.

The horses are always sent the night before to the meet, unless it may be within five miles, when they are walked over very early in the morning.

The dogs are sent over in three vans, each drawn by four mules. The Duke always drives over in a four-in-hand drag, changing horses every ten miles, the change being sent over like the hunters, either the night before or very early in the morning.

The work the Duke did the day we were at Badminton (as we found out the day after from a postillion who drove us to Bowood, the Marquis of Lonsdowne's) was as follows:—He left Badminton at nine o'clock in a four-in-hand drag, driving himself twenty miles to Chippenham with two changes. Here he mounted his first horse—the second being ridden across the country by short cuts and by a light groom. The hounds threw off at Sloperton Cottage, famous as being so long the residence of Tom Moore, near Devizes. They ran the hounds eighteen miles before killing it—eighteen miles back, making thirty-six miles—brought the Duke to Chippenham about seven in the evening, where, resuming his drag, he drove home to Badminton, getting there to dinner by nine. The hunters and dogs in the vans reached home about eleven, P. M. The stud groom said he supposed the Duke daily averaged thirty or forty miles in the saddle, besides twenty to fifty in the drag. The next day twelve fresh horses and another pack of hounds and so on all winter. The stable yard was filled with grooms, helpers, post-boys, and white leather breeches fluttering in the wind to dry.

In the porch of the beautiful old church connected with and adjoining the house, and where all his ancestors are buried, including his uncle, Lord Raglan, who was the English commander-in-chief in the Crimea, were four pair of the Duke's leather breeches, freshly pipe-clayed, knocking in the wind against the church door.—H. W. S., *in N. Y. Eve. Post.*

☞ False Hair.—A writer, speaking of the false hair worn at the present day, quotes a sign over a barber shop in London, representing Absalom hanging from a tree. Underneath was the following:

"If Absalom had not worn his own hair,
Absalom would not have been hanging there."

We remember one in New York, representing Absalom hanging by his hair to a tree, and this was the poetry on the subject:

"O Absalom! O Absalom, my son!
If thou hadst worn a wig, thou wouldst not have been undone."

☞ A Smart Old Lady.—Mrs. Meriam Fletcher, of Westford, in Middlesex county, completed her hundredth year on the 15th of March, on which day, according to her own report,—and she ought to be the best judge,—she was in as good health and spirits as if she had been three-quarters of a century younger, so that she may live fifty years longer, as we hope she will. She was in her fourth year when Bonaparte was born, and it may be her lot to outlive the Bonaparte who now reigns, and who was born when she was in her forty-third year.

☞ Parisian society seems just now to be in a very curious condition. The eccentricities of the fashionable world are, however, beginning to be regarded with less complacency by people having old-fashioned notions. The wife of an eminent sub-prefect recently presented herself at one of President Troplong's parties in a dress almost without *corsage*, being very open in front, and fastened across the breast only by a narrow chain of gold. Madame Troplong, however, happened to see the lady, and insisted on her leaving the house.

☞ A Western "local" acknowledges the gift of "two bouquets, smiling in their paper frills as do girls' faces within their laced night caps." That man is too imaginative to be kept on prosaic "items."

THE COLONEL AT CHURCH.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

He caught a glance from your eye yesterday
Just as the people rose to pray;
And it meant so much, oh! beautiful maid,
No wonder he lost all the preacher said!

You were thinking of him who years ago
Left his home to fight the obstinate foe.
The evening was bland—he spoke of his love,
He asked for a tress as a treasure-trove;
Your faced was flushed and your lips were mute,
But you shut him up like a parachute!
With a haughty wave of your snowy hand,
Like a Lady Clare from the Rhenish Land!
He whined "good-bye"—you laughed in your sleeve,
Yet your heart grew sad when you saw him leave!

He was a boy at that time, Kate;
And he "moulted" his words at the garden gate.
He has grown wiser and bolder since then—
He has walked in the ranks of earnest men;
Not now with a wave of your snowy hand
Will you raise the siege which he has planned.

You knew him at church with his heavy beard,
And the face the battles had bronzed and seared;
You saw how the people caught at his hand
And blocked up the aisle where he chanced to stand,
A whisper went round: "Col. Bright's got home;
He rose from the ranks through merit alone!"
Your eyes met again, how you blushed, oh, Kate!
For you thought of him and the garden gate.

Did you pray for him in the deadly strife?
Did you clasp your hands like a soldier's wife?
Did you look with aching heart and head
For his name among the wounded and dead?
And when you heard of a *Colonel* Bright
Did your eyes beam with a kindlier light?
And but for the laugh in his jolly mess
Would you have sent him the coveted tress?
Yes, all of these, thou lofty Kate!
Despite that scene at the garden gate.

He'll woo you now as a soldier should woo,
Who by his colors stood loyal and true;
And I swear by the peaceful years of his life,
He'll stand thus by you when you are his *wife!*

The One-Eyed Servant.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

Do you see those two pretty cottages on opposite sides of the Common? How bright their windows are, and how prettily the vines trail over them! A year ago one of them was the dirtiest and most forlorn-looking place you can imagine, and its mistress the most untidy woman.

She was once sitting at her cottage door with her arms folded, as if she were deep in thought, though to look at her face, one would not have supposed she was doing more than idly watching the swallows as they floated about in the hot, clear air. Her gown was torn and shabby, her shoes down at heel; the little curtain in her casement, which had once been fresh and white, had a great rent in it; and altogether she looked poor and forlorn.

She sat sometime, gazing across the common, when all on a sudden she heard a little noise, like stitching, near the ground. She looked down, and sitting on the border, under a wall-flower bush, she saw the funniest little man possible, with a blue coat, a yellow waistcoat, and red boots; he had got a small shoe on his lap, and he was stitching away at it with all his might.

"Good-morning, mistress!" said the little man. "A very fine day. Why may you be looking so earnestly across the common?"

"I was looking at my neighbor's cottage," said the young woman.

"What! Tom, the gardener's wife?—little Polly, she used to be called; and a very pretty cottage it is too! Looks thriving, doesn't it?"

"She was always lucky," said Bella (for that was the young wife's name); "and her husband is always good to her."

"They were *both* good husbands at first," interrupted the little cobbler, without stopping. "Reach me my awl, mistress, will you, for you seem to have nothing to do: it lies close by your foot."

"Well, I can't say but they were both very good husbands at first," replied Bella, reaching the awl with a sigh; "but mine has changed for the worse, and hers for the better; and then, look how she thrives. Only to think of our both being married on the same day; and now I've nothing, and she has two pigs, and a—"

"And a lot of flax that she spun in the winter," interrupted the cobbler; "and a Sunday gown, as good green stuff as ever was seen, and, to my knowledge, a handsome silk handkerchief for an apron; and a red waistcoat for her goodman, with three rows of blue glass buttons, and a flitch of bacon in the chimney, and a rope of onions."

"Oh, she's a lucky woman!" exclaimed Bella.

"Ay, and a tea-tray, with Daniel in the lion's den upon it," continued the cobbler; "and a fat baby in the cradle."

"Oh, I'm sure I don't envy her that last," said Bella, pettishly. "I've little enough for myself and my husband, letting alone children."

"Why, mistress, isn't your husband in work?" asked the cobbler.

"No; he's at the ale-house."

"Why, how's that? he used to be very sober. Can't he get work?"

"His last master wouldn't keep him, because he was so shabby."

"Humph!" said the little man. "He's a groom, is he not? Well, as I was saying, your neighbor opposite thrives; but no wonder! Well, I've nothing to do with other people's secrets; but I *could* tell you, only I'm busy, and must go."

"Could tell me *what?*" cried the young wife. "O, good cobbler, don't go, for I've nothing to do. Pray tell me, *why* it's no wonder that she should thrive?"

"Well," said he, "it's no business of mine, you know, but, as I said before, it's no wonder people thrive who have a servant—a hard-working one, too—who is always helping them."

"A servant!" repeated Bella—"my neighbor has a servant! No wonder, then, everything looks so neat about her; but I never saw this servant. I think you must be mistaken; besides, how could she afford to pay her wages?"

"She has a servant, I say," repeated the cobbler—"a one-eyed servant—but she pays her no wages, to my certain knowledge. Well, good-morning, mistress, I must go."

"Do stop one minute," cried Bella, urgently—"where did she get this servant?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the cobbler, "servants are plentiful enough; and Polly uses hers well, I can tell you."

"And what does she do for her?"

"Do for her? Why, all sorts of things—I think she's the cause of her prosperity. To my knowledge she never refuses to do anything—keeps Tom's and Polly's clothes in beautiful order, and the baby's."

"Dear me!" said Bella, in an envious tone, and holding up both her hands; "well, she *is* a lucky woman, and I always said so. She takes good care *I* shall never see her servant. What sort of a servant is she, and how came she to have only one eye?"

"It runs in her family," replied the cobbler, stitching busily, "they are all so—one eye apiece; yet they make a very good use of it, and Polly's servant has four cousins who are blind—stone-blind; no eyes at all; and they sometimes come and help her. I've seen them in the cottage myself, and that's how Polly gets a good deal of her money. They work for her, and she takes what they make to market, and buys all those handsome things."

"Only think," said Bella, almost ready to cry with vexation, "and I've not got a soul to do anything *for me;* how hard it is!" and she took up her apron to wipe away her tears.

The cobbler looked attentively at her.

"Well, you are to be pitied, certainly," he said, "and if I were not in such a hurry—"

"O, do go on, pray—were you going to say you could help me? I've heard that your people are fond of curds and whey, and fresh gooseberry syllabub. Now, if you would help me, trust me that there should be the most beautiful curds and whey set every night for you on the hearth; and nobody should ever look when you went and came."

"Why, you see," said the cobbler, hesitating, "my people are extremely particular about—in short, about—cleanliness, mistress; and your house is not what one would call very clean. No offence, I hope?"

Bella blushed deeply—"Well, but it should be always clean if you would—every day of my life I would wash the floor, and sand it, and the hearth should be whitewashed as white as snow, and the windows cleaned."

"Well," said the cobbler, seeming to consider, "well, then, I should not wonder if I could meet with a one-eyed servant for you, like your neighbor's; but it may be several days before I can; and mind, mistress, I'm to have a dish of curds."

"Yes, and some whipped cream, too," replied Bella, full of joy.

The cobbler then took up all his tools, wrapped them in his leather apron, walked behind the wall-flower, and disappeared.

Bella was so delighted, she could not sleep that night for joy. Her husband scarcely knew the house, she had made it so bright and clean; and by night she had washed the curtain, cleaned the window, rubbed the fire-irons, sanded the floor, and set a great jug of hawthorn in blossom on the hearth.

The next morning Bella kept a sharp look-out both for the tiny cobbler and on her neighbor's house, to see whether she could possibly catch a glimpse of the one-eyed servant. But, no—nothing could she see but her neighbor sitting on her rocking-chair, with her baby on her knee, working.

At last, when she was quite tired, she heard the voice of the cobbler outside. She ran to the door, and cried out—

"O do, pray, come in, sir, only look at my house!"

"Really," said the cobbler, looking round, "I declare I should hardly have known it—the sun can shine brightly now through the clear glass; and what a sweet smell *of* hawthorn!"

"Well, and my one-eyed servant?" asked Bella—"you remember, I hope, that I can't pay her any wages—have you met with one that will come?"

"All's right," replied the little man, nodding. "I've got her with me."

"Got her with you?" repeated Bella, looking round, "I see nobody."

"Look, here she is!" said the cobbler, holding up something in his hand.

Would you believe it? the one-eyed servant was nothing but a Needle.

Wonderful Optical Illusions.

Professor Pepper, delivering lectures on optics in London, gives some new and astonishing experiments in illustration of optical illusions, the most remarkable of which are called "The Modern Delphic Oracle" and "The Fairy Casket." In introducing the former, the professor calls upon the audience to call to mind ancient Greece. The curtain rises and the interior of a Grecian temple is disclosed. Drapery in the background is pushed one side, and a figure, classically costumed and reading intently a scroll which he holds in one hand, advances. The professor explains that the figure must be supposed to represent a noble Athenian, erudite and highly gifted. Through an acquaintanceship which he had formed with one of the priests of Isis the learned individual gets possession of a sacred scroll, which informs him that, by means of certain charms and incantations, he can hold converse with the dead. He proceeds to do so at once; and after some formalities he calls upon Socrates. Slowly the curtain through which the Athenian before appeared is drawn aside, and a head, apparently floating in the air, is disclosed. There seems to be no mistake about the head being human. It is, apparently, Socrates, and seemingly "all alive."

Gradually the eyes open and look about most naturally, and in obedience to the demand of the Athenian the voice of Socrates is heard pronouncing his own opinion of the decision of his judges. To render the illusion as real as possible an instrument is placed in front of the stage, which has the effect of throwing a strong reflection on any object that comes between it and the papered wall at the back of the stage. The reflection of the head, and the head alone, on the background, adds much to the bewilderment with which the spectator, not in the secret, witnesses it. Besides, as the head delivers itself of the beautiful lines with which it is instructed, the beard is observed to move with each articulation of the voice. Yet the whole is, as the professor takes some trouble to remind his audience, when any fresh cause for surprise is unfolded, nothing more than a simple illusion.

The "Fairy Casket" is equally surprising. It consists of a strong table some four feet high, with four legs, which are open to the inspection of all. On this table is deposited a large glass box, of nearly the same size as the table. The whole is covered with drapery, when it is brought in front of the stage, close to the foot-lights. The closest inspection is invited. On the covering being removed the table and glass box, as above described, appear. The glass box seems to contain black velvet and charcoal. The professor opens the box and fills it still further with what appears to be more charcoal. He then orders his assistant to shut down the glass lid and cover the box. In a few minutes the box is uncovered and it appears to be filled with white sactin instead of black velvet and roses instead of charcoal. A white satin cushion is taken out of the box, and after it a real live fairy is handed up from its depths, nimbly extricates herself, and bows her acknowledgments of the greetings with which she is received. The box is again covered and uncovered. The result is that the black velvet and charcoal again appear in the interior. The contents of the box are again produced. They consist of a large black cushion and a most interesting-looking little negro, who, after jumping out of the box, throws himself in a kneeling attitude, and appealing to the audience, says, "Am I not a man and a brother?" These are the two principal illusions which have been, we understand, drawing such vast numbers to the Polytechnic ever since their production.

A Complaint.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is an adjective in the English language which has a spite at me. There is no doubt of that. And I, on my part, detest that adjective no less than I fear it. It has clung to me all my life long—followed me to every corner of the earth, and haunted me in my dreams. At school it stuck to me like a burr. It posted after me into the state of Indiana, where they grant divorces once in a great while, and at rare intervals have a little quiet talk on the subject of temperance. Indiana, where they put up with affinities, spiritualers, "harmonial philosophy," and gift enterprises; where they tolerate everything that is odd or bizarre in the universal world. It pursued me to that modest little city Chicago, yea, even in the wilds of Minnesota, among the bloody Indians, I escaped it not. It intrudes upon me in "the bosom of my boarding-house." My nephew, John Milton, flourishes it in my ears like a red blanket before an enraged turkey. I dare say after I'm dead and buried that they'll put upon my tombstone my name, age, something which looks like a dead sheep, and under it the fatal word QUEER. When you see that, friends, you may know for certain that beneath these stones repose the bones of the unhappy Zig, aged —.

You've no idea what an everlasting nuisance it is! Not to be able to write a word for THE POST, nor to go into anybody's house, nor to stay at home without being greeted by that abominable, hateful, dreadful word, "queer." *Sacer esto.* I remember as far back as when I wore bibs and ate with a spoon, visitors at our house used to call me a "queer little thing." Isn't it outrageous? And when I first took charge of my present fearful and wonderful school in the town of Bugbyaville, there was one splinter of the school board, a mild, benevolent, elderly gentleman, whom I desired above all things to please. Says this most highly esteemed, nice elderly man to my brother-in-law one day, "your sister is very energetic, but what a *queer* girl she is."

"Mr. L———, you said I was queer, did you?"

And this conscientious wretch answered:

"Well—you *are* queer."

"Mr. L———, did you know that the one desperate struggle of my lifetime has been not to be called 'queer?'"

Mr. L——— laughed. I cannot see why he did so. I do not know why I should be thus pursued. My moral character is good. My temper is moderately good, "considering." And I belong to an old family. In fact, my ancestry is illustrious. It came over with William the Conqueror. My first Norman ancestor feminine was Mistress Bridget O'Toole, Washerwoman Extraordinary to His Majesty. My Norman ancestor masculine was Mr. Dennis O'Toole, Keeper of Boots in Waiting to King William. From these noble forepareuts, Bridget and Dennis, are descended in direct line the present O'Tooles, with their coat of arms. That is to say the family have always had arms, but I should not be willing to take my oath that every O'Toole has had a coat. This said coat of arms is founded upon a wonderful circumstance, an accident which happened to the primitive O'Toole. He was one evening answering a hasty summons to attend His Majesty, when by chance he trod upon the tail of His Majesty's favorite cat, Norman, whereat Norman answered the greeting by fixing his front teeth into one of my ancestor's healthy calves. This gave rise to our escutcheon—a yellow field, a cat's tail brisitant, and underneath, the motto:—"Don't tread on me." I intend to have these arms engraved upon our Gift Enterprise spoons and jewelry.

So much for character, disposition, and family. All undoubtedly respectable, you see, and still they apply to me that offensive term. I do not understand it. To be sure I'm an old maid. I do not deny it. Is that what makes me queer, I wonder? I have tried my most conscientious best to eat, talk, and dress exactly like other women. (I confess that I never could quite surmount the enormity of waterfalls, but then I carried about my ears the fattest of rats, in their day, which more than makes up for the waterfalls, I think.) I use Patent Hair Crimpers, and when asked if I have read Don Juan, I turn down my eyes modestly, and answer:—"Parts of it." But it's no use. To escape my tormentors I have prepared regular set lectures against eccentricity. I take occasion to state, whenever we have company, that eccentric people are not pleasant folks to have around, that an eccentric person is always either a knave or a fool, and generally a fool. And furthermore, that eccentricity arises only from a base-born desire to gain cheap notoriety. It's all the same. I remain queer. My own first cousins say I'm "as odd as Dick's hat-band." I wonder what Dick's hat-band is like? My sister, the mother of my nephew, John Milton, says I might have been married—years ago, if I hadn't been so queer. I believe I'd about as soon be queer as to be married. Anything else in the category of human ills, though, I'd welcome with pleasure. That is my mind now, but there is no telling what I might not have done once if it hadn't been for this same accursed adjective. You never knew the hidden romance of my life. You shall hear it. When I was very young and very foolish I fell in love. I thought I had reason to believe that a corresponding emotion swayed the breast of the adorable John Wesley Wilkins. We walked in the moonlight and sat upon a rail. John Wesley looked at me tenderly. "It's coming," said I, and I took off my bonnet so as not to muss it when my head should fall upon John Wesley's shoulder. He gave a little cough; my heart gave a little thump. He hesitated, looked at me again. Finally he says, says this dog-star of my affections:—

"What makes you *so queer?*"

I was disgusted.

I wish the word queer could be blotted out of the English language. I wish it had never been in it. I wish Dr. Worcester would leave it out of his next Big Dictionary. Then perhaps my bones may enjoy the rest their proprietor never knew.

ZIG.

Buried Alive—Extraordinary Statements

Paris Correspondence of the London Times.

M. de Lagueronniere presented a petition in the Senate, on Tuesday, from a person named De Cornol, "pointing out the danger of hasty interments, and suggesting the measures he thought requisite to avoid terrible consequences." Among other things, the petitioner demands that the space of twenty-four hours between the decease and interment, now prescribed by the law, should be lengthened to forty-eight hours; that an electrical apparatus should be kept in the sacristry of each church, and that the parish priests and their curates should be taught how to work it; that the body should, after the lapse of forty-eight hours, be submitted to the last and most powerful electric test; that the solid wooden lid of coffins should be done away with, and replaced by a covering of canvas, to be lifted up at the moment the remains are laid in the grave, in order to ascertain, beyond all possibility of doubt, that life is completely extinct, and that what appears to be death is not merely a lethargic sleep.

A rather long debate followed, in which Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, took a leading part. He was decidedly of opinion that the petition should not be set aside by the "order of the day," but that it should be transmitted to the Minister of the Interior for further action. Some of the remarks of the venerable prelate produced so great an effect on his auditors as to merit particular mention. He said he had the very best reasons for believing that the victims of hasty interments were more numerous than the people supposed. He considered the rules and regulations on this head, as prescribed by law, as very judicious; but unfortunately, they were, particularly in the country, not always executed as they should be, nor was sufficient importance attached to them. In the village he was stationed in as assistant curate, in the first period of his sacredotal life, he saved two persons from being buried alive. The first was an aged man, who lived twelve hours after the hour prescribed for his interment by the municipal officer. The second was a man who was quite restored to life; and in both cases a trance, more prolonged than usual, was taken for actual death. The other instances I give in the words of the Archbishop:

"The next case that occurred to me was at Bordeaux. A young lady, who bore one of the most distinguished names in the department, had passed through what was believed to be the last agony; and as, apparently, all was over, the father and mother were torn away from the heart-rending spectacle. As God willed it, I happened to pass by the door of the house at the moment, when it occurred to me to call and inquire how the young lady was going on. When I entered the room, the nurse, finding the body breathless, was in the act of covering the face, and, indeed, there was every appearance that life had departed. Somehow or other it did not seem to me so certain as to the by-standers. I resolved to try. I raised my voice, called loudly upon the young lady not to give up all hope; that I was come to cure her, and that I was about to pray by her side. 'You do not see me,' I said, 'but you hear what I am saying.' My presentiments were not unfounded. The word of hope I uttered reached her ear, and effected a marvellous change; or rather called back the life that was departing. The young girl survived; she is now a wife and a mother of children, and is this day the happiness of two most respectable families."

The Archbishop mentions another instance of a similar revival in a town of Hungary, during the cholera of 1831, which he had heard that day from one of his colleagues of the Senate, as they were mounting the staircase. But the last he related is so interesting, and made such a sensation, that it deserves to be repeated in his words:

"In the summer of 1826, on a close and sultry day, in a church which was excessively crowded, a young priest who was in the act of preaching, was suddenly seized with giddiness in the pulpit. The words he was uttering became indistinct, he soon lost the power of speech and sunk down on the floor. He was taken out of the church and carried home. All was thought to be over. Some hours after the funeral bell was tolled, and the usual preparations made for the interment. His eyesight was gone; but if he could not see like the young lady I have alluded to, he could hear, and I need not say that what reached his ears was not calculated to reassure him. The doctor came, examined him, and pronounced him dead, and after the usual inquiries as to his age and the place of his birth, gave permission for his interment next morning. The venerable Bishop in whose cathedral the young priest was preaching when he was seized with the fit, came to his bedside to recite the *De Profundis.* The body was measured for the coffin. Night came on, and you will easily feel how inexpressible was the anguish of the living being in such a situation. At last, amid the voices murmuring around him, he distinguished that of one who had known him from his infancy. That voice produced a marvellous effect, and a superhuman effort. Of what followed next I need say no more than that the seemingly dead man stood next day in the same pulpit. That young priest, gentlemen, is the same man who is now before you, and who, more than forty years after that event, implores those in authority not merely to watch vigilantly over the careful execution of the legal prescriptions with regard to interments, but to enact fresh ones, in order to prevent the recurrence of irreparable misfortunes."

As I have said, the recital by the Cardinal of what occurred to him produced a profound sensation, and, in spite of all that could be alleged, by the reporter of the petition, the Senate voted for referring it to the Minister of the Interior.

The Sky.

[We warn our readers that they will get giddy before they reach the end of this article. It is by Mons. Flammarion, whose recent work on the inhabited worlds other than Earth is one of the most successful books of the Parisian season. We translate it from a French newspaper. We have rarely read anything so interesting.—*Boston Gazette.*]

To form an accurate idea of the sky, we must in the first place form an accurate idea of the earth and conceive the ball on which we live as suspended in space without any support, exactly as a soap bubble which floats in the air. Of a truth the earth is even more isolated than a soap bubble floating in the air, for the soap bubble really rests on the strata of air which are heavier than it, while the earth rests upon no fluid, no strata, and is independent of every sort of support. I may be asked—But then if the earth is thrown like a cannon ball into space, why doesn't it fall? I answer: Fall—where? They may reply: Fall down space. My response is: But what do you call "down space?" Down is a relative idea. Form a clear idea of the terrestrial globe suspended in complete isolation in infinite space, and you will at once see there is no such thing as up or down in the universal frame. Examine the question. Here is the globe in space. It measures three thousand leagues in diameter. You are some five or six feet high. Your stature compared to the size of the earth is consequently less than the space of an ant walking around a ball of the size of St. Paul's Church, London. Suppose you walk around this globe in every direction, as an ant might do on an immense cannon ball. This globe is a loadstone, and it is its attraction which fastens you invincibly to its surface. Now whatever may be the point of this globe where your feet rest, you will always call *down* below your feet, and *up* the space over your head. You may successively place yourself at every point of the globe without exception, all of them will necessarily be *down* to you, and the corresponding point of space overhead will always be *up* to you. At the North Pole the South Pole will be your *down;* at the South Pole you may consider the North Pole *down.* It is consequently nothing but a matter of position so far as you are concerned—it is not absolute reality. Two observers placed at the extremities of the same diameter will have *up* reciprocally opposed; two others, placed at the extremities of a second diameter intersecting the first diameter at right angles, would call *up* two points perpendicular to the former, and so on. Were the whole globe covered with observers, each one would call the portion of space over his head *up,* so that the whole space which environs the globe would be *up* for the population of the earth.

Such is the sky. This word no longer expresses anything but the *up* relative to our position, that is the indefinite space which environs the earth. If the observer himself does not change his position, the vertical point nevertheless changes every instant for each of us, for the globe turns on its axle once every twenty-four hours. Consequently there is no such thing as absolute up or down in the universe, and therefore there is neither right nor left, nor any absolute position. The earth is a sphere isolated in space, and the space extends *infinitely* in every direction and all around it. *Infinitely!* Let us try to ascertain the exact signification of this word. Suppose you determine to measure this infinity, and so set out from the Earth as your point of departure, and move in any direction. Very well, whatever direction you may take you may go in a straight line and never rest one second—you may fly swift as light itself, which moves at the rate of seventy thousand leagues a second, or you may go still more swiftly if you can conceive such velocity—and—mark what I say!—you may keep up this rate of speed for years, for centuries, for centuries of centuries—you will never, never, never attain the limit of this immense, this *infinite* tract of space! As you speed on the abysses will close on you, other abysses will open in front of you, and this constantly, for ever and forever, without end, without pause, whatever may be the ages upon ages you spend in your flight. Infinity will still yawn its measureless depths before you, though you were to exhaust all time, though you were to identify yourself with eternity. In reality your long and incommensurable flight would be precisely the same thing as if you had never stirred from your present position of absolute repose; for you would not be one single step nearer infinity.

Consequently, were we for an instant to consider this Earth as the only globe in this infinite space which environs it on all sides, and were we to suppose that it could fall like a ball in an abyss, the Earth would fall, fall, fall for centuries of ages, and would constantly continue to fall forever without once reaching the bottom, though it were to fall through all Eternity. After falling for a thousand centuries, it would continue to fall for a thousand centuries without being one inch nearer the bottom of the infinite abyss. It would absolutely be the same thing as if it remained in repose.

Around this Earth lies a light down like that we see on beardless boys, or on a tender peach before a rude hand has seized it. This is the azure atmosphere which surrounds the Earth. Clouds are cradled in it at an insignificant altitude. The concave form we observe in this apparent dome is nothing but the result of perspective. We, poor microscopic creatures, live at the bottom of this down, and sky blue is nothing but this atmosphere itself. When we rise towards the upper edge of our atmosphere by ascending mountains or sailing in a balloon, this blue color disappears, and we see that space is colorless. A visit of a few instants to the Moon's surface would convince us still more thoroughly that the blue color of the terrestrial sky belongs exclusively to this atmosphere. The moon is deprived of air, and during its interminable days—which are fifteen times longer than ours—instead of this beautiful azure dome which is over our heads, it has nothing but an immense, black, lugubrious space in which shines the sun, a moon with varying phases, the earth and a multitude of stars.

The solar system is suspended in equilibrium in space. What sustains it? Nobody knows. Is it in repose? No, it gravitates, or what is the same thing, *it falls. It falls into the infinite abyss.* It falls at a velocity reckoned at two leagues a second, or seven thousand leagues an hour. Whether it falls in a curved, sinuous or straight line, it can fall through all Eternity, as we have above demonstrated, without danger of touching bottom.

☞ A Western paper suggests an improvement in Bibles the preparation of a leaf or two in the "family record" for divorces.

THE LOVERS.

They linger in the garden walk,
Talking as only lovers talk;
Sweet, foolish trifles, love's delight!
With joy and faith their faces bright.

Sometimes she stops and plucks a rose,
To hide the truth her sweet blush shows;
Scattering the rose-leaves in the air,
A dainty shower o'er face and hair.

With laughing looks she sees them fly,
Then sudden stops and breathes a sigh;
For youth and love as soon are gone,
And death and age are hastening on.

He gathers from the garden plot
A tuft of pale forget-me-not;
She takes them with a careless jest,
Then hides them in her snowy breast.

He lays a rose-bud in her hair,
Whispering she is wondrous fair;
While tenderly his loving hands
Linger o'er the rippling bands.

They pause to watch the evening sky,
And see the golden sunlight die;
A squirrel started from his lair
Breaks the calm quiet of the air.

She trifles with her golden curls,
Till the bright flag the wind unfurls,
And blows a tress across his face,
Touching his lips with soft embrace.

They reach the great hall door at last,
He holds her slender fingers fast,
Then kisses them, as well he may,
While she, all blushing, speeds away.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," "REFUGEES," "BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

STERN RETRIBUTION.

As soon as it was light on the following morning, Henry, who had passed a wretched night, began his search for the trail of the Indians, assisted by Tom. It was soon they had indeed been down on the beach, for here and there the print of a moccasin was discoverd in the yielding soil; and it was not an unreasonable conjecture, which both were led to make, that Methoto had been wounded by his fall and subsequently killed by the savages, and, that Isaline had in truth been borne off alive.

"Now then to find their trail and pursue it till I either discover and save her or leave my bones bleaching like those of Methoto!" said Henry, with stern determination.

"We've got to fill our hollers afore we goes fur," said Tom, "fur I feels jest as of I war agwine to cave in."

"Always thinking of eating!" returned Henry.

"Why, that's the only thing as keeps me alive!" said Tom, with the serious air of a savant explaining some new discovery in science: "ef it warn't fur eating, I wouldn't live a month—no, sir!"

"Well, you had some meat cooked yesterday morning—will not that do you for the present?" said Henry, with an anxious, impatient look. "As for myself, I care for nothing, except to follow on after poor Isaline, and every moment's delay seems an age to me!"

"Meat cooked yesterday morning?" repeated Tom, with a look of startled amazement: "why, what's the feller a thinking on?—he's lost his senses sartin!—as of meat cooked yesterday mornin, cept it war a bull ox, could last till now! and me on the tramp at that! Wagh! shagh! whar's the use?"

Tom agreed, however, that he would make as little delay as possible, by hunting for something on the way, and so they both immediately set about searching out the trail. It was difficult to find, and cost them the labor of an hour; and when found it was difficult to follow, because it was some three days old, and the light, moccasined foot of the Indians had left no such easily-discerned traces as the hoof of the running horse. The general direction, though, was something of a guide, because it was supposed the savages would aim to overtake their companions, and they had certainly taken the proper course for that purpose. By keeping steadily forward, therefore, over places where no impression could be seen, our friends were always fortunate enough to find more traces on beyond, and thus lost but little time.

One thing now troubled Henry not a little, even beyond all his other troubles, and that was that no discovery had as yet been made which proved that Isaline was among the savages. Both he and Tom had made a close and careful scrutiny of the trail where it had been found the clearest, and yet had failed to discern any sign or trace of the missing girl.

"Oh, Heaven! should this hope prove a delusion, and she not be among the savages after all!" groaned Henry. "Tell me, Tom—tell me truly—what do you think?"

"I don't know, younker—I can't sw'ar to nothing!" answered Tom. "Prehaps her purty little foot didn't come down hard enough to leave any mark—jest like them varmints, called fairies, as I've heern about—and then agin she mought be some'at hurt, or sick like, and they is toting her on cross-poles."

"But if such were the case, Tom, we should certainly have found some indication of it before this—some place where they had collected the materials and constructed the litter—and some place where they had taken it up and set it down. No! no! if she is among them at all, she is not carried, Tom; and my only hope now is, that her light foot has passed without leaving any mark where we have searched."

"Wall, all we kin do ar' to push on and try the ventur'!" returned Tom.

They did push on, as fast as they possibly could, Tom keeping an eye ready for any game they might discover. Before noon he was again fortunate enough to kill a deer; and having eaten of this to satiety, and persuaded Henry to do the same, he did as before, cooked up a few pounds to take with them.

The trail of Blodget and the Indians did not lead to the camp where they had parted from their companions, but rather diagonally across the country—they doubtless calculating on striking the trail of the main body further on, which they did. At the point where the smaller trail joined the larger, Tom remarked:

"Now we hev cl'ar work, Harry, and we kin go as fast as we like."

"Ah! but, Tom, if Blodget's party succeed in joining the main body," sighed Henry, "what chance have we two against so many?"

"Not much, I'll allow; but ef we kin catch up with 'em afore they crosses the Ohio, we kin scout round and make sure of the colonel's darter ar' amongst 'em; and ef she ar,' we'll know better what to do nor we does now."

"Let us hurry on then," rejoined Henry, "and know the worst as soon as possible. Ah! what a long start they have of us! If we could only have known, when we passed over this ground before, all that we know now, how much time we might have saved!"

"And had our hosses too, Harry! Agh! I hates to lose them critters, and I've half a notion to go back fur 'em!"

"No, no, Tom—we must not risk that delay!"

"Couldn't we make it up in riding faster nor we kin walk, younker?"

"But we might not find them; and only think how much important time would then be lost! No, no, Tom—the matter is not to be thought of for a moment!"

"Jest as you say."

"By-the-way, Tom," observed Henry, "a new idea occurs to me. When I consider time and every thing, I do believe Blodget and his crew struck this trail the very day we passed over it! If so, how fortunate for us that we had passed this point before they reached it! for they might have discovered us first and ambuscaded us."

"Woofh!" grunted Tom, with a shrug of his shoulders.

The trail now being broad and clear, our two friends pushed on rapidly till near night; when, having ascended a small hill, some distance short of the camp where they had made their escape from the Indians, Tom suddenly stopped, grasped an arm of his companion, and made a gesture for him to keep silent.

"What is it?" whispered Henry, after listening intently for a few moments and hearing nothing.

"D'yer see that thar t'other hill, right over thar?" pointing a little to the right.

"Yes! well?"

"Don't you hear nothing?"

"No!"

"I does. Thar's a party coming up on t'other side; but I can't jest make out whether they're whites or Injuns!"

"Oh, Heaven! if it should prove to be our friends, who struck across the country here under Billings!" said Henry.

"That's what I hopes. Hark! you hears that, don't ye?"

"Yes, it was a human voice, but too far off to be distinct. And yet I some how feel as if it were the voice of a white man!"

"Let's creep into the bushes he-yar, Harry, and lay low. Ef it's Injuns, we've got to do some dodging; and ef it's whites, thar'll be time enough to yell when we sees 'em."

They stole off to a thicket, about a hundred yards from the trail, and there concealed themselves, and waited with breathless anxiety for the appearance of the party, which was evidently ascending the other hill from the opposite side.

In less than ten minutes they appeared upon the summit—horses and men—white men—borderers—the division which, some days before, had struck off across the country, at the time that Tom and Henry, with their ill-fated companions, had pursued the direct trail. It was a sight only to be appreciated by men in the condition of our hero and his friend. It was the welcome sail at sea to a couple of poor mariners drifting helplessly in an open boat. Henry burst into tears; and Tom sent forth a dozen yells, intended for the wildest delight, but which actually startled the approaching party into the belief that they were about to be assailed by a band of savages.

"Foller me!" cried Tom, bounding away down the hill like a madman—whooping, shouting, yelling, jumping, and swinging his arms and kicking out his legs in the wildest manner possible.

Henry ran too, but he could not keep up with his rough companion. By the time he reached the party, Tom had shaken hands with more than half of the men present, and was still whooping and shouting in the midst of them.

They had recaptured the horses stolen from the whites by the savages, some of the men were wounded, and many had fresh Indian scalps attached to their girdles. All this Henry saw, with a wild glance, as he came panting up, and his heart beat strangely. They had evidently met and conquered the Indians, and what of Isaline? A dozen men sprung forward to greet our hero; but his first words, uttered gaspingly, were:

"The lady? the lady? Miss Isaline Holcombe? is she with you? have you saved her?"

Alas! no one had seen her.

Henry felt his heart sink and brain swim. What was all the rest of the world to him? He threw his eyes rapidly over the whole group, and saw that all had dismounted except one man, whose back was toward him. He fancied he recognized the figure, and hurried round to where he could get a better view. He was not mistaken. He beheld the pale face and compressed lips of Charles Hampton.

"What does that villain among you here and at liberty?" he shouted. "That is the wretch that brought all our trouble upon us!"

He had scarcely spoken, when Hampton struck his horse a violent blow and dashed swiftly down the hill.

"What's that, Harry?" cried Tom, whose attention was now directed to the treacherous villain by the words and actions of his friend.

"It is Hampton, Tom—there he goes—escaping the punishment that belongs to him!"

Quick as thought Tom raised his piece to his eye and fired. Hampton reeled and fell, and the riderless horse went plunging on.

"I knowed my time 'ud come!" said Tom, coolly; "and this he-yar's a better shooting iron nor I gin the old ripsaillion red niggers credit fur!"

This unexpected and tragic scene created great excitement among the borderers, who, in their previous encounter with the savages, had found Hampton a prisoner, and had rescued and treated him as an honorable gentleman, supposing him to be one, they knowing nothing of his previous deeds, and readily believing the false tale he had told them.

Some half-a-dozen of the party now ran down to him, and found him badly wounded—Tom's ball having entered under the right shoulder-blade and passed through the right lung. He breathed with difficulty and coughed up blood. He was still conscious, but could not live. They brought him up to the top of the hill, and he fairly gnashed his teeth at the sight of Henry and Tom.

"It was not me you should have murdered, you cowards, but Blodget!" he muttered, chokingly.

"And whar mought that devil be found?" asked Tom.

Hampton groaned, and pointed with his finger. Both Tom and Henry looked in the direction indicated; and there, not fifty feet distant, they beheld what they had not before observed—the pale face and cowering form of Blodget, who was standing between two men, with his arms bound behind his back, in the manner he had compelled the prisoners to march with the savages.

Tom uttered a fierce yell of savage delight and sprung toward him; but, quick though he was, Henry was before him.

"Stand off!" he said; "not a word till I shall have done questioning him!" And then to Blodget, who was now shaking all over, like a man with the ague. "Villain," he cried, "if you want to live long enough to say your prayers, quick! tell me! where is the girl you went in pursuit of?"

"Oh, sir—oh, good gentlemen—don't hurt me! don't! for I didn't have anything to do with it—it was an accident, I suppose!" cried the poor, miserable coward, in the most abject, servile tone, which wonderfully contrasted with his language and manner at the time he parted from the prisoners at the Indian camp.

"Speak out!" gasped Henry, catching hold of Tom for support, and preparing himself to hear the worst.

"The girl was killed!" said Blodget.

"Oh, my God! my God!" groaned Henry, with a reeling brain.

"How does you know that, you imp of the devil?" demanded Tom. "Did you see her dead?"

"No, I didn't see her dead," replied Blodget, "but Methoto and his horse went over a precipice, and we found their bones there, and I suppose she was killed too, though we couldn't find her."

"Ef you lies about this yere, I'll hev you strung up to the fust tree, you infarnal whelp!" cried Tom.

"I don't lie—I'm telling you the honest truth!" returned Blodget. "We hunted all round, and couldn't find anything of her, either living or dead."

"Thar, Harry, lad, don't take on so!" said Tom, kindly; "the colonel's darter arn't dead, you see, arter all—no, sir! She's got away alive somehow, and she'll turn up all right yit!"

"Oh, Tom, if I were only certain of that!" groaned Henry; "but I have little or no hope now, my friend! I did think it possible she might have been carried off by this villain; but now all is dark mystery! Oh, that I could have died in her place! poor, sweet, loved and lost Isaline!"

The adventures of this party of borderers, as told to Tom by one of the number, may be summed up briefly. They had been roaming through the wilderness, without anything occurring of any importance, till they had stumbled upon the trail of the main body of savages, which they had pursued rapidly, coming up with the Indians, or rather in sight of them, one day about sunset. Not having been discovered themselves, they had made their arrangements for a night attack, which had proved successful. Nearly all the Indians had been killed, and their horses and plunder had fallen into their hands. Finding Hampton a prisoner, they had readily believed his trumped-up story of his misfortunes, and had never once dreamed of his being the treacherous villain whose wicked plans and counsels had brought so much trouble upon the country. He had told them how Blodget and his party had gone in pursuit of Isaline, and they had come back on the main trail in the hope of being able to find and destroy them. They had been successful in this also. They had seen the Indians first and ambuscaded them, and Blodget was the only one of his party now alive, and he had been reserved for hanging whenever it should suit their pleasure to give him a forest trial. Having accomplished their purpose, they were now leisurely returning homeward—hoping, by keeping on the Indian trail, to fall in with some of their former companions.

When Tom in turn related what had befallen himself and party, great was the excitement and indignation of the borderers; and what he stated concerning Hampton, fully justified him in their eyes for having shot him like a dog rather than let him escape. Some were for hanging Hampton now at once; but others said he would die soon enough if let alone; which indeed proved to be the case; for, in less than two hours after this conversation, his black heart and scheming brain were still in death. The borderers would not bury him, but left his body to the wolves and vultures.

That night, while assembled around their camp-fires, they put Blodget on trial for his life. The affair was conducted with some show of form and justice. Twelve men were selected to act as a jury, and they were to hear the evidence and decide. Tom and Henry were required to give in their testimony, and no other witnesses were needed. The jury took only a couple of minutes for consideration, and the verdict was:

"*Guilty!*"

Then twelve men were drawn by lot, to declare what death he should die, and when, and they were to be his executioners. For the first, they decided he should die by hanging; and for the second, that it should be before resuming their march on the morrow.

"Between these two points we'll let the prisoner fix the time for himself!" they said.

Blodget was nearly dead already with fear—for a more abject, miserable craven never drew the breath of life. When they brought him forward to put the question, his face had a ghastly hue, he trembled and shook till his teeth rattled, and large beads of perspiration stood out all over his face.

"You're a heartless, cruel murderer," said one of the twelve, addressing the miserable wretch, "and we ought to string you up at once; but we've decided to let you name any time atween this and sunrise that 'll best suit you to stretch the rope."

"Oh, gentlemen—good gentlemen—for God's sake, don't hang me!" cried Blodget, dropping down on his knees.

"How about us dancing at your wedding?" asked Tom, who chanced to be one of the twelve drawn.

"Oh, that was only a joke—that's all!"

"Purty joke, warn't it, you pusillanimous whelp?" growled Tom. "And them sculps you slapped in my face—them was a joke too, warn't they?"

"Oh, yes—I didn't mean any harm—and you know I treated you well afterward!"

"Oh, yes—I feels proud on't! Wall, you see, we's jest agwine to hang you in joke now—that's all."

"But it will kill me, won't it?" asked Blodget, with trembling anxiety.

"Wall, it does sometimes kill folks of your size!" gravely answered Tom.

"Oh, spare me! spare me! good gentlemen!"

"You're worse than a sneaking wolf!" said one of the others; "for that cowardly beast will die game when he's cornered and can't get away!"

"Come," said another, "name your time!—any hour you likes atween this and sunrise."

"Oh, gentlemen—oh, good, kind gentlemen—oh, for God's sake, don't hang me! I'm not ready to die yet!" pleaded the craven wretch, in the most piteous tones he could command.

"If we wait for you to get ready, we'll all die of old age!" said a stern voice.

"Name your time, and be quick about it," said another, "or we'll fix it for you!"

"Oh, gentlemen, do forgive me! won't you? I'm not ready to die—I'm afraid to die—indeed, indeed I am!" whined the miserable coward.

"You warn't afeared to kill my companions, as good fellers as ever lived, and then slap thar bloody sculps in my face, you —— cantankerous, ripscallion, slinking hoss-thief!" cried Tom. "Agh! wagh! shagh! whar's the use?"

"We're wasting too much time here," said one of the men, "and I reckon we'd best string him up to once and make an end on't!"

"Oh, no, not to-night, for God's sake! good, kind, dear gentlemen—not to-night!" pleaded Blodget.

"Shall it be at sunrise to-morrow?" asked another.

"At sunrise to-morrow!" cried several voices, without waiting for Blodget to answer; "let it be settled so!"

And so it was settled.

They bound the guilty villain to a tree; but he made so much disturbance in the camp—by crying, complaining, cursing, begging, pleading and screaming—that the borderers finally resorted to gagging, to keep him quiet.

At daylight the camp was astir, and the jury of executioners prepared to do their fatal work. They selected a small sapling, bent down the top, and secured it by a rope. To this top they fastened another rope, with a slip-knot at the lower end. Then they dragged up Blodget, more dead than alive, with his hands bound behind his back and the gag still in his mouth, and passed the noose over his head, and fixed the knot under one ear—he struggling, moaning and shaking all over. As soon as all was ready, they formed a ring around him. Then, at a signal, the first rope was cut, and the spring of the tree carried the wretched villain up several feet from the ground, and there held him suspended by the neck. He struggled violently for several minutes, and then gradually grew still in death.

At last the damnable villain had met the punishment he deserved.

When, shortly after, the borderers resumed their homeward march, they left the body suspended in the air, for the carrion birds to feed on.

Sad, silent, drooping, like one who no longer had any object or aim in life, Henry marched on with the rest, till they came nearly opposite the place, though still some miles distant, where Methoto had met his death, when he quietly announced to the party that here he should leave them, as he was going another way. They all knew his sorrow and respected it, and several rough but kindly voices inquired if there was anything they could do for him.

"No!" sighed Henry; "I thank you—no!"

No one seemed to feel he had a right to question him except Rough Tom; and he, with a look of surprise and anxiety, drew Henry aside and said:

"What is it, Harry? what's the meaning of all this he-yar? whar you agwine to now?"

"Never mind, Tom!" said Henry, proffering his hand; "never mind, my brave friend! but let me say farewell for the present; and do you go on with the rest and leave me!"

"I'll be conscrimptiously ramboozled ef I does!" cried Tom, emphatically. "No, sir! you arn't agwine to come nary sich like dodge over this yere old coon, ef I knows myself—no, sir! Ef you is agwine to put out fur new diggings, I'm agwine with you, and that's a settled p'int! Whew! Whar's the use?"

"No, no, Tom—go on with the rest, and leave me to myself! I am a miserable, unhappy man, and no longer fit company for you or any one else! All hope and joy in this world is gone, with my poor, sweet Isaline! and when it shall please God to take me, I shall be ready to go too!"

"Now, Harry, poor feller, don't say that!" returned Tom, his eyes filling with tears; "don't say that, lad—don't! So'thing 'll turn up yit. The gal haint been seed dead; and it's like she got away, and will come out all right in the eend!"

"Tom," rejoined Henry, with melancholy solemnity, "I know you mean well; but why seek to inspire me with a hope in which you do not believe yourself? Could Isaline fall over that awful precipice and not be wounded, even if not fatally? Answer me that?"

"But may be she didn't fall over it, Harry!"

"Do you suppose, for one moment, she could have got away from the strong arms of Methoto?"

Tom looked sadly down, but did not answer.

"Oh, my friend, you know in your own heart she could not have got away from Methoto—that she did go over that precipice—and that, if she was not killed at once, she was so badly wounded as not to be able to escape, and was probably destroyed by the same ravenous wolves that devoured her brutal captor and his beast!" said Henry, with choking emotions. "Oh, God! oh, God! what a death for the sweet being I so wildly, devotedly, madly loved!"

"But you know, Harry, we couldn't find her bones—nor the Injuns nyther couldn't!"

"That is Blodget's story, I know; but he may not have told us the truth. And even granting that she was only so bruised and mangled that she could crawl away, how could she, a poor, unprotected maiden, live in the wilderness? Perhaps, in her fear of the wolves, to save herself from being devoured alive, she crawled out into the river and was drowned!"

"You will hev her dead, I sees!"

"I would give my life to have her living!" groaned Henry.

"But whar you agwine, anyhow?"

"I am going back there, Tom—back there, to that fatal spot—for there is no other in this world that has any attraction for me now!" groaned the almost heart-broken lover.

"And what you agwine to do when you gits thar, poor lad?"

"I do not know—die perhaps! If Heaven will only guide me to her remains, I will gladly lie down by them and pray for death."

"Shagh! whar's the use?" said Tom. "She war a purty, sweet kind o' gal, I'll allow; but thar's others in the world jest as sweet and purty, Harry!"

Henry groaned and shook his head.

"No other for me, Tom—no other for me!"

"You've got friends in Varginee, Harry, and s'pose you thinks of them!"

"It is useless for you to talk to me," sighed Henry, "for the die is cast, my hopes are dead, my heart is with the remains of my sweet beloved—I cannot say in the grave with them—for, alas and alas, they have not had burial! Tom," he continued, grasping the rough woodman's hard, horny hand, and speaking in a tremulous voice, half choked with emotion, "you have been a true and faithful friend to me, God bless you! and while I live I shall never forget you; but the time has come for us to part. I am no longer what I was, and I shall never be the same man again. If you were to go with me, I should only weary you with my grief, and perhaps make you as wretched as my poor, miserable self. Therefore, my brave fellow, go on with the rest, and leave me to my fate!"

"I'll be —— ef I does!" almost blubbered the true old woodman; "and I'd lick ary other slinking hound what axed me to do it—yes, sir! Woofh! thunderation! whar's the use? Harry, wharsomever you goes, I goes, like your shadder; and I'll stick to you like a tick to a dorg's back! You arn't agwine to git away from me, nohow—no, sir; and the more you tries it on, the wuss you'll make out; so you mought as wall guv up that thar p'int as waste your breath on't! Ef one fri'nd ar' agwine to desart another fri'nd, case t'other fri'nd ar' down in the mouth, and don't feel like laughing and hollering and dancing hoe-cake jigs, whar's the use o' being a white gintleman at all?—he mought as wall be a red nigger to once, and grease his face and shave his sculp! Thar, younker, I've said my say out; and now come on, and we'll go and hunt for the gal together!"

Henry made no further objections to accepting the company of Tom—for he knew from experience how useless it would be to argue against a point that his resolute, determined, stubborn companion had fully settled upon—and so both took leave of their companions, and struck off together for the Kentucky river, and the scene of that fearful disaster which had filled the soul of the lover with such crushing grief.

It should be mentioned here that both were now suitably clothed again, and provided with comfortable blankets, which had been selected from the stock of plunder taken from the Indians; and both had also got back their own rifles, with plenty of ammunition; so that they were now well prepared for a long stay in the wilderness.

A little before night they reached the Kentucky river, and the fatal spot where the bones of Methoto and his horse still lay bleaching; and both went down to the beach and made another careful search for some trace of the lost Isaline; but, alas! with no better success than before. She was gone! she was gone! and every sound that reached the almost heart-broken lover, seemed to sigh, or moan, in his ear:

"She is gone! she is gone!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Back numbers can be supplied containing the whole story.

Order and Regularity at Meals.

It is most important in the physical nurture of children that their meals should be at regular hours, and with no long intervals. But there is no worst practice than that which is too prevalent, especially among the poor, of giving children small portions of food between meals, or whenever they choose to ask, or, after much asking, to get rid of their importunity. It has a bad moral effect, encouraging them to give way to every impulse of appetite, and to think much and often of eating; and so renders them gluttonous. And it has a bad physical effect, inducing in the stomach a habit of perpetual craving, or keeping it in a state of perpetual repletion. Again, not only regularity of meal-times, but comfort and good order at meals, will conduce in a great degree to the due and satisfactory enjoyment, and hence good digestion, of food. Hurry, confusion, general talking and clamor, chiding and quarreling, too often witnessed at the dinner-table of a disorderly family, must injuriously interfere with the processes of mastication and deglutition, and, consequently, with that of digestion. Indeed, such is the close connection of our mental and corporeal faculties, that these circumstances do, of themselves, immediately tend to impede digestion. It is a well-known fact that fear, anger, vexation, anxiety, felt at the time of eating, prevent the proper decoction of food by the stomach; and so, to a certain extent, must all other perturbations of the mind. The observance of this rule is of course as necessary for adults as children; but since the passions of children are more easily excited, and less regarded, and their stomachs more delicate for the most part than those of their elders, they are the chief sufferers by its neglect.

A NOBLE REPLY.—It was a beautiful turn that was given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy, resolutely answered that she had hid him. This confession drew her before the king (Charles II.,) who told her that nothing but her discovery where her lord was could save her from the torture. "And that will do?" said the lady. "Yes," replied the king; "I'll give you my word for it." "Then," said she, "I have him hid in my heart; there, and there alone, you'll find him."

☞ One of the most distinguished personages in Rome is an Amsterdam lady, who has been travelling about in her yacht, with black and white attendants. She is captivating, and a woman of spirit; she hails from the Nile, where she had been crocodiling. She lives on board the vessel, and makes incursions into the country by day.

☞ Some brave girls have "Resolved, That, if we, the young ladies of Seneca Falls, don't get married during the year to come, somebody will be to blame."

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

A Long Strides—Chilos Politically—Climate—Cows—Queer Butter—Curious Cheese—Chilos Sheep—Exports—Rural Economy—Wood Cutters.

At one stride we transport ourselves from the western base of the great Andean Range to the shores of the mighty Pacific, overstepping a wide expanse of territory mostly clad in grand old forests, everywhere veined with rivers having rapid currents and clear, sparkling water—a vast sloping plane, in field and woodland teeming with minerals and vegetable and animal life, with and among which many months might be interestingly and profitably spent.

But having in mind always that in our northern journey, having for its terminus the American Nile—the turbid Guayaquil, and that city of the clouds, of which the indomitable Pizarro in one of his wild flights of ambitious frenzy one day said:—

"Spaniards—follow your chieftain, and ere another sun shall sink beneath the western wave, the Spanish banner bathed in blood shall float above the walls of vanquished Quito!"—remembering always that by the line as the crow flies the distance is 2,500 miles, which we shall twice double in our zig-zag wandering way, we must needs be brief in our views and reviews, else a lifetime would be expended before reaching our journey's end. So from the country of the red men we transfer ourselves to the great Pacific Island, nominally within the limits of Chile, but geographically—as the reader may see at a glance by turning to the map of South America in any modern atlas—only an outlying territory, being beyond the area of Chile's civil rule, and as she has never had military material to distribute in remote districts, the rule of Chile in this, her southern semi possession, has never been more than nominal.

Chilotes are under little restraint of law, and but for the happy providence that they are by nature far better men and women than the *Chilenos* proper, socially, morally, and physically in their almost two hundred years of isolation, they might have sunk to the condition of savage barbarians.

The Island of Chiloe is in length from North to South about two hundred and thirty miles, and its average width is perhaps about thirty-five. Its northern extremity is five hundred and fifty miles due south from Valparaiso, and the island lies between the parallels of 42 and 45 deg. South latitude, and though so far without the southern tropic that geographical position should make the country as cold as western Canada, surrounded by water, sheltered on the East by the neighboring Andes, exposed to no cold storms from the West, and having a flow of warmer water setting in upon its outer coast, the climate of Chiloe is mild enough to be beautiful, and might be so but for its outrageous extravagances and savage vicissitudes. Only think of a rain flood coming on without a quarter of an hour's notice, and pouring down a perfect unceasing deluge fifteen days and nights, perhaps consecutively. Or in the midst of verdure and summer beauty, a vicious southerly gale suddenly whirling down upon and all over the island such a blinding snow-storm as never ought to be let loose anywhere out of the Arctic regions.

It is true that these extreme vicissitudes are not of frequent occurrence, but they do come sometimes, and occasionally at times most unreasonable. The Gulf of Gualteca, which separates Chiloe from Patagonia, has along its island shore several fine, commodious harbors—three of the very best on the whole Pacific coast from the Archipelago of *Madre de Dios*, (What blasphemers those early Spanish navigators were. Only think of their naming a cluster of barren, rocky islands, *Madre de Dios*—Mother of God.) Well, as I was going to have said, these inner harbors of Chiloe are by far the most secure of any between the latitude of fifty south, and the mouth of the Guayaquil in latitude two thirty. It was in that of Castro, about midway the length of the island, that the recent engagement between the Spanish fleet and Chilean shore batteries occurred, in which the Spaniards were worsted and driven off.

The surface of Chiloe is gently undulating, the greater portion covered with dense forest, affording the main supply of fire-wood for all the coast towns and cities as far north as Panama. Before the present difficulties with Spain, there was a fleet, respectable in numbers, of old superannuated worn-out brigs and barques, with now and then a great hulk of a ship, which having been run entirely off of the underwriter's books in the United States, and would not be taken in any office at ninety five per cent. had been purchased, placed under the Chilean flag, carried round Cape Horn and made a coast-wood cart of, carrying fuel from out the Gulf of Gualteca to all points along the coast, lasting in the service twenty-five years.

The secret of extraordinary long life in the South American coasters is in the fact that it is only southerly gales that are violently destructive, and these are infrequent. Caught in one of them, a vessel bound to the southward, keeping close along the coast, dodges into the nearest convenient harbor until it has blown over. Bound to the northward, she soon sends past the parallel of Valparaiso and Juan Fernandez, and all the "West Coast" to the northward of that line is literally *Pacific*—always summer sailing.

By-and-by, Providence permitting, we shall make a cruise or two along the Pacific coast—on one of them making a run over, and a visit to the Island of Juan Fernandez—Robinson Crusoe's island, and its outside, Pacific companion, Masea Fuoiro. Just now, however, let us look about us gathering what information we may of Chiloe, its people and productions.

As I have remarked, the staple article of Chilean export is fire wood. Next in importance is mutton, of which article the island affords large quantities, in quality the finest flavored sheep's flesh perhaps in the world—certainly the best in America, either north or south.

The sheep of Chiloe are of a breed originally introduced from the Spanish Basque provinces; and in their far southern island home, their descendants left entirely to nature's culture, have become a very great improvement upon the primitive stock. They are quite distinct from any of the other Spanish American breeds, and although experiments have been repeatedly made to introduce them into the main land territory of Chile and also into Bolivia and Peru, they have invariably been unsuccessful. All these regions seem to be too warm for them, and they rapidly die out, without ever producing lambs.

I think the experiment of introducing these animals into the United States and England would be successful. At home they are perfectly hardy and healthy, requiring no care, enduring the long, cold rains of winter, unhoused, with impunity, cropping everything that a goat will browse, and maintaining themselves always in good killing condition. They are a long legged, long and heavy bodied sheep, bearing a fleece of prodigious length of staple—not fine, certainly, but a soft, flattened silky fibre that makes a glossy surface cloth.

Chiloe produces some superior horned cattle, and among the native cows, we saw several milkers equal to our best grades in the United States. There are considerable quantities of butter and cheese made on the island, and as the soil gives in luxuriant abundance both the white and red clover, as well as several varieties of English grasses, a very great deal of very good butter and cheese might be made in Chiloe, provided the barbarians could be coaxed a few steps beyond the limits of their South American Civilization. Beating cream in a sheep-skin bag, not always as clean as a new towel, and pressing cheese in a square box that has seen six months' service as a pig trough, does not turn out the very best butter and cheese material. But it serves the Chiloan's purpose, and they have little consideration for the delicacy of a stranger's appetite.

Luckily fowls are abundant everywhere on the island, excessively cheap and of first-rate quality, and as eggs are a drug at a *medio* (six cents) per dozen, we could afford to pass the sheep-skin butter and pig trough cheese in silent contempt. Nevertheless, during our six week's sojourn on the island we managed to manufacture a moderate supply of both articles for our own wants, and if our *modus operandi*, was nothing more artistic than that of the Chiloans, it had the merit of cleanliness at least.

Being a pastoral people the Chiloans are a lazy race, as people mainly pastoral almost always are, and though there is no doubt that the soil will produce abundantly of all the cereals grown in the United States—particularly of wheat, for which both soil and climate seem admirably adapted—there is but a trifling surface in cultivation; I think not above an acre to every fifteen inhabitants; and among the rural population not above one family in twenty raise any sort of vegetables. Their main supply of food is mutton, milk, a black bean that grows wild in profusion, their bag butter, and square flaps of cheese an inch thick that one can roll up like a piece of pliant leather, and sometimes bread—they sending to Valdavia, Talcuhuana, and Valparaiso for their flour, paying for it in exported fire-wood, mutton, and occasionally fowls.

The wood cutters are mostly foreigners—French, German, and a sprinkling of Irish, and occasionally a runaway jack from some Yankee whale ship, the usual custom being for the proprietor to furnish the forest bullocks for hauling mutton, chickens, eggs, and bread three days in week, and the cutter chops, hauls, and puts on board the vessel the produce; the captain either purchasing the material on board, or carrying to market for one-half. The risk by ship-wreck, fire, dull markets, and dishonest captains being serious in the aggregate, the cutters generally prefer disposing of their stock on board, though they may be obliged to undersell the market. Then they pay over to the proprietor one half the receipts. The cutters have considerably the best end of the bargain, and all of them, if ordinarily industrious, sober and enterprising, make money.

A good many of the cutters do still better, by purchasing for a trifle a tract of wood-land, bullocks for hauling, cows, sheep, and poultry both for stock and consumption—club together—five to fifty, go into the forest Maine-lumberman fashion—some having wives, others taking Chiloe ones—all working together, clearing up the land as they go, turning it into meadows, pastures and grain-fields—in the second or third year producing a variety of material besides fire-wood, for export, and growing rich rapidly, greatly to the astonishment of the natives.

This joint-stock policy obtains mostly on a large scale among the German wood-cutters, while partnerships of two, three and four, are frequent among the Irish and Americans.

Our whole party were entertained and made very much at home for a week at the estate of Backus & Hadley, situated on the eastern coast between Castro and Valverde, said Backus and Hadley having been on the island twenty-three years—both run-away youngsters from a New Bedford whaler, beginning wood-cutting at nineteen, marrying Chiloan sisters at twenty, and at the time of our visit they were the proprietors of nine thousand acres of land, six thousand sheep, large herds of horned-cattle, five coasting vessels, an immense ware-house, a well-stocked dry goods, hardware, provision, and general variety store; industrious, economical, and very womanly wives, and some fourteen sons and daughters more or less each, all hearty, happy, and hospitable Christians.

☞ A singular divorce case was heard in Cincinnati last week. One witness gave it as his opinion that one cause of the estrangement between the man and his wife was an unusual fondness for each other—they thought too much of each other. This state of affairs, it was held, induced the lady to listen too readily to rumors of infidelity on the part of her husband, and her great love for him rendered a bare suspicion against his loyalty to her too dreadful for her to endure, and she gradually grew to believe all to be truth, which she should have rejected as mere rumor.

☞ A late English work on diamonds and other precious stones, says that but a small portion of the gems sold and worn are genuine. The diamond mines of Golconda have given out, and those of India are rapidly failing. The scarcity of real gems has been met by the ingenuity of counterfeiters who manufacture spurious gems that frequently deceive expert connoisseurs. Large quantities of false gems are made in Birmingham and Paris, and shipped East, where the Orientals sell them to credulous European travellers as the real article. Nine-tenths of the diamonds now flaunted by Shoddy and Petrolia are mere paste ornaments, for which their wearers have given fabulous sums.

☞ The Detroit Fenians sought to arouse the enthusiasm of their brethren for the celebration of St. Patrick's day, by posting up on the walls a proclamation ending with the invocation, "God save the Green." Sacrilegious wags had a corresponding number of slips printed with the word "horns," and pasted them on as an amendment. The effect was that Divine interposition was largely invoked in favor of "Greenhorns."

BRITISH CHRISTIANITY.

STARTLING PICTURE OF A CLERKENWELL PEST HOUSE—MISERIES OF THE CASUAL POOR.

The following account, from the London Daily News, of the horrors which occur in the Casual Poor Ward of one of the largest and most respectable parishes in London, is so graphic and is so apparently true that we quote it in its entirety. There can be no occasion to try to excite the feeling of any reader by additional remarks; the narrative is sufficient to rouse the indignation and the disgust of every one who lives in a Christian community:

"The pest-houses of Clerkenwell are as revoltingly unfit for sleeping-places as when we commented on them last. On Saturday evening forty men and women were crammed into wards with nominal accommodation for thirty, and, having been locked up in the dark, were left to scramble or fight for room as they thought fit. At half-past nine P. M. the padlock was, at our request, removed from the door of the ward, on the western side of the yard, and, after borrowing a work-house lantern from a pauper attendant, we walked to its extreme end. It was but a few paces, yet we are unable to fully describe the scene, from physical inability to remain in the foul effluvia we met. The instant the door opened, a chorus of complaints was offered up by the occupants of the bunks, who were lying perfectly naked upon straw mattresses, with a single rug over them. A division between each sleeping-place has been put up as advised by Mr. Farcall; but these divisions are made to aggravate the very evils they were designed to prevent.

"In many of the narrow spaces set off for one person, there were, on Sunday, two naked tramps lying, their bodies in such close contact as to look like one many-legged, double-headed monstrosity, rather than two human beings. When asked the reason why they took off their shirts, the reply was the same as at our previous visit: 'It is impossible to keep them on for—(insects.') No shirt or substitute for shirt is provided by the workhouse, no bath is given and no work enforced. Two stupid-looking dazed youths had not succeeded in forcing themselves into one of the already-occupied bunks, or in finding room to lie down, and were now sitting patiently in the dark, at the feet of their more fortunate brethren. They neither looked at the faces of those coming in, nor spoke, nor moved, but followed the lantern with hungry eyes, as if its light conveyed some dim sense of warmth and comfort. Meanwhile, those in bed clamored loudly on the insufficiency of straw in their mattresses; the impossibility of sleeping two in a bed; the cold, the insects, and the thinness of the rugs.

"Accepting an invitation to see 'the sort of thing a poor man had to lie on who would have to look for work to-morrow,' we passed to the far end of the closet. It was impossible to stay there. No one had complained of the smell, but the foul, acrid stench of human bodies and human breath was so overpowering, that it was with some difficulty we struggled against nausea and dizziness, and made for the door. This was relocked, while the people within growled and shouted, and finally kicked at it, and were left to wallow in the darkness and their filth, like so many obscene animals who were disgusting to others and hateful to themselves. Crossing the narrow yard and descending a few steps, we are at the door of the cellar where the remaining male tramps are lying. This unlocked and opened, the first object the light from the lantern falls on is the figure of a perfectly naked man, who has just succeeded in opening the cellar-window. This forlorn being goes back to his lair, and, wrapping his rug round him, cowers down in a corner, in a manner horribly suggestive of a wild beast. 'We're bein' poisoned,' 'We can't breathe for the bad smell,' 'Turn out the man with a sore leg,' 'Here's another one here with fever,' were shouted out; and it was found that the window had been opened, and the disturbance made, because the dreadfully noisome condition of one casual made his presence dangerously offensive even to the obtuse senses of the poor wretches round. He was an old, feeble creature, who had gone to bed in his clothes, and who promptly turned up his trowsers when asked what he suffered from. A foul and dirty bandage, saturated with matter and discolored with blood, concealed his sore, the rank, putrescent smell of which filled the atmosphere of the ward. Bad as the stench of the first sleeping place was, it became insignificant when contrasted with this; while the closely-packed naked figures, the equalid room and the darkness, made up an aggregate of disgusting horrors exceeding anything yet revealed of any other workhouse in England. The man with the bad leg eagerly availed himself of an offer to be taken into the house, and was removed to the receiving ward. Shakedowns were ordered for the two lads; the casual accused of fever denied the charge, and so was again locked up with the rest, who were left to squabble for room, to swear, to recriminate and to inhale the shockingly poisonous air until the morning."

Original MS. Copy of "The Star-Spangled Banner" by the Author.

It will be gratifying to the public to know that there is an accessible copy of Francis S. Key's national soul-stirring poem, in his own handwriting—a copy prepared, to, many years after its composition, and evidently in the *exact* language intended by the author, as it was presented by him to the late esteemed James Maher, for more than thirty years the gardener of the Executive mansion, well known for his extraordinary enthusiasm on the subject of American victories over the British.

The copy referred to has for some days been on exhibition in the window of Messrs. Philp and Solomons, and the identity of the handwriting is certified by Judge Dunlop, Nicholas Callan, Esq., Hon. Peter Force, and Jos. H. Bradley, Esq., all of whom were intimately acquainted with Mr. Key, and perfectly familiar with his style of penmanship. In fact, his style was so peculiar, and so uniform, that it would be almost impossible for any one who had ever noticed it with ordinary care to be mistaken.

The peculiar circumstances in which the author was placed at the moment of the inspiration that resulted in immortal song, and during which it was partially written, add pertinency to the language and force to the thoughts so musically expressed.

The American Cyclopedia contains the following paragraph: "Francis Scott Key, an American lawyer and song writer, born in Frederick county, Maryland, August, 1 1779 died in Baltimore, January 11, 1843. He was educated at St. John's College, Annapolis, and commenced the practice of law at Frederick City.

"Subsequently he removed to Washington, where he was for many years District Attorney of the District of Columbia. As a song writer he is chiefly known by his Star-Spangled Banner, a popular national lyric, suggested and partially written while the author was detained in the British fleet during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, of which he was an interested witness."

According to the best information within our reach, he was picked up in a small boat while going to the British fleet to obtain the release of a friend, and, having been detained over night as a prisoner, was an unwilling spectator of the bombardment; and by the light of rockets and bursting shell, he and his companion, to whom it would seem he addressed himself in the poem, could catch occasional glimpses of the loved flag still flying defiantly over the fort that protected Baltimore. Hence his language, "*the clouds of the fight!*"

He also heard the vaunting boast of a British officer, that the fort would be reduced in a brief period after the attack; and this circumstance explains the use of the pronoun in the singular number in the line, "*This blood has washed out his foul footstep's pollution.*"

The change of "on" to "o'er," in the line, "* * * * *now shines on the stream*," is positively unpardonable, as it does not present the glorifying picture intended by the author, viz: the reflection of the flag from the surface of the water.

Looking down upon the blood-stained deck of the vessel after the bombardment, he was inspired to the use of the exulting language, "*This* blood has washed out," &c.

We give below a verbatim copy, italicising the words that have been changed by various compilers, and referring by numerals to some of the changes that are most common:

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

O! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the *clouds of the fight* (1)
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare—the bombs bursting in air—
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, *half* (2) conceals, *half* (2) discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines *on* (3) the stream.
'Tis the star-spangled banner—O! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is the *foe that* (4) so vauntingly swore
That (5) the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country *should* (6) leave us no more?
This (7) blood has washed out *his* (8) foul footstep's pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O, thus be it ever! when *freemen* (9) shall stand
Between *their* (10) loved homes and the war's desolation.
Blest with victory and peace, may the Heav'n rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserv'd us a nation.
Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: In God is our trust.
And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

For Mr. Jas. Maher, of Washington City, from F. S. Key.
Washington, June 7, 1812.

1. "Perilous fight"—Griswold—Dana. Common version.
2. "Now."—Dana.
3. "O'er."—Several versions.
4. "Hand who,"—Griswold—Dana.
5. "Mid."—Griswold—Dana.
6. "They'd"—Griswold.
7. "Their."—Griswold—Dana. Common version.
8. "Their"—Griswold—Dana. Common version.
9. "Freemen."—Griswold.
10. "Our."—Griswold—Dana. Common version.

☞ Just before the death of Senator Foot, of Vermont, recently at Washington, the words of the twenty-third Psalm were read and a solemn prayer delivered by one who was the dearest to him on earth. He called her to his side and folded her in his arms, asking: "Can this be death? Has it come already?" Then lying, with his eyes of celestial radiance, and lifting up his hands, he said: "I see it; I see the gates wide open; beautiful! beautiful!" and without a pang he immediately expired.

☞ A few days since a Frenchman and wife gave a dinner-party to celebrate the twentieth year of their marriage. Just before dinner one of them broke a tumbler. This led to a discussion, which degenerated into a violent quarrel, which ended in each party expressing wonder at having had the patience to live twenty years with so horrid and so stupid an animal as the other. The wife put on her bonnet and quit the house. The husband lighted a chafing-dish full of charcoal in his chamber, and lay on the floor. When the guests came, and failed to obtain admittance, they broke open the doors, and found the husband a corpse.

☞ A husbandman, in the neighborhood of Lyons, has, at this time, growing on the same plant, and each presenting the same degree of ripeness, black grapes, white grapes, peaches and apricots.

The Bagpipes not Scotch, but English.

At a meeting in Edinburgh, the Lord Advocate said:—"Most people think that the bagpipe is a Scotch instrument. Some are proud of the bagpipe, others are afraid of it—but, whether by its friends or its foes, the bagpipe is looked upon by us as something national. Now, I am not at all sure that we are entitled to any such praise or blame. I believe it could be demonstrated—though our friends on the other side of the Tweed would be excessively indignant—I believe it could be demonstrated that the bagpipe is an English instrument, essentially English; that the English were the original bagpipers; and I find in confirmation of this that Shakespeare, who was an authority in music, refers to the bagpipes constantly; but he does not introduce them into 'Macbeth.' The armies in 'Macbeth' do not march on Dunsinane to the sound of the bagpipe, and he speaks of the drone of the Lincolnshire and Yorkshire bagpipe. He speaks of a person 'laughing like a parrot at a bagpiper,' but all without the slightest Caledonian reference. And when we look at the works in the Register House, and show how our former monarchs spent their income, we find their expenditure for music put down in such entries as the following:—'To the English piper, three shillings and six pence.' Scotchmen were not the pipers, they were harpers. The harp was the old Scotch instrument, and I believe continued to be the old Scotch instrument till within a very recent period."

☞ An Unfortunate Remedy.—The French Government says it sent its army to Mexico to collect a debt which it was not able to get settled in any other way. Figures recently published show how the project has worked. The sum due the French was originally less than $3,000,000; while the French operations in Mexico have already cost more than $150,000,000—that is, every dollar of the debt has dragged after it fifty dollars more. Going to war to collect dues is even worse than going to law, which even the most unfortunate of business men never found to be worse than this experiment of Louis Napoleon.

☞ Oil in Scotland.—Scotland bids fair to rival Pennsylvania in that new source of wealth which consists in "strikin' ile." According to the Inverness Courier many large fortunes are being made by the lucky finding of petroleum deposits. One unlucky man lately sold for £2,000 a bleak bit of moorland, which is now worth $300,000. Sir James Simpson, the new medical baronet, has, it is said, profited to a very great extent by the recent discovery.

☞ There is a member of Congress from one of the New England States who is so fearful of committing himself, he declines to give an opinion upon the most ordinary topic. The other day he was accosted familiarly by a friend who said inquiringly, "We are likely to have a pleasant spell of weather!" "Why, really," replied the slow coach, "I cannot say; you must ask some older member of Congress than I am."

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An Exquisite and Delicate Beautifier of the Skin.
TESTIMONIALS FROM ACTRESSES.

This new and delicate beautifier gives to the most harsh and grated skin both the color and texture of freshly polished ivory. It is used by the most refined and scrupulous ladies. It quickly and effectually removes all discolorations, whether appearing as freckles, tan or morphew, and is especially successful in smoothing out the marks of smallpox. Madamoiselle Vestvali, Mrs D. P. Bowers, Lucille Western, Mrs. Emma Waller, and many other ladies in private life acknowledge its harmlessness and effectiveness. L'Email is the only real beautifier of the skin before the public, and is entirely different from the vulgar pastes, powders and paints that injure the skin. Sold by Eugene Jouin, 111 South Tenth St., Philada. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & RANÉ, Philada., General Agents. mar24-3m

PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.—It is a real pleasure to us to speak favorably of this article, known almost universally to be a good and safe remedy for burns and other pains of the body. It is valuable not only for colds in the winter, but for various summer complaints, and should be in every family. The casualty which demands it may come unaware.—*Christian Advocate.* ap7-2t

For Colds, Coughs, Bronchitis, and all affections of the Lungs, take AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is sure to cure them. ap7-2t

Copper Tips protect the toes of children's shoes. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere. jan6-17t

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.—It is erroneous to suppose that piles are incurable, an expeditious cure will be found by using these medicaments. The pills expel the acrid matter which produces pain, while the ointment closes the mouths of the relaxed vessels. Sold everywhere.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market has presented no new feature this week. The week's sales foot up about 8000 bbls, chiefly northwestern family at $8,25@9,25 ₩ bbl for new grades and choice lots, including Pennsylvania and Ohio do at $8,50@10; superfine at $5@7, and fancy lots from $11 to $14, as to quality. Rye Flour—Sales of 2000 bbls at $4,75.

GRAIN—There has been more activity in the Wheat market. Sales of 25,000 bus good and choice red at $2,40@2,50; fair and good do at $2@2,35; spring at $1,70@1,80, and small lots of white at $2,40@2,75. About 1000 bus Pennsylvania Rye sold at 90c. Corn—Sales of 30,000 bus yellow at 70@75c. Oats—Sales of 12,000 bus Pennsylvania and Delaware at 52@53c.

PROVISIONS continue dull; small sales are making at $20,50@27 per bbl for new Mess Pork, 8@9c for plain and fancy Bacon Hams, 17½@18c for pickled do, 11½c for salted Shoulders, and Lard at 18½@19c ₩ bbl, in tcs. Butter—Sales of roll at 50@60c, the latter for choice; solid at 30@50c, and Goshen at 50@65c. Cheese—Sales of New York factory at 23c. Eggs sell at 24@25c.

COTTON—700 bales middling sold at 29@31c.

BEESWAX—Yellow sells at 42½@43c.

COAL—The cargo sales at Richmond are $5@5,25 for white ash, and $5 50@5,75 for red ash.

FEATHERS are selling at 65@80c for common and prime lots Western.

FRUIT—The market is nearly bare of green Apples, and they command $3@7 ₩ bbl, and dried do are selling at 7@11c; new do at 12@16c; Peaches at 14@16c for quarters; 17@30c for halves, and pared at 29@32c.

HOPS are meeting a moderate inquiry at 70@80c for prime new Eastern and Western.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is in good request; sales of 1000 bus at $5,75@6,25. Timothy; sales at $1@1,50. Flaxseed ranges from $2,50@2,55.

SPIRITS—N E Rum is held at $2,60. Whiskey is selling at $2,25 for Penna; $2,26 for rectified, and $2 27@2,28 for Ohio

TALLOW—Sales at 11½@11¾c for city rendered, and 11@11½c, cash, for country.

WOOL—Sales of 140,000 lbs at 39@50c for common to quarter blood up to 60c for fine.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1600 head. The prices realized from 16@17 cts ₩ lb. 80 Cows brought from $45 to 85 ₩ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 7@8 cts ₩ lb. 1900 Hogs sold at from $13,00@15,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!

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WHITE PINE COMPOUND,

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND CURES

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other complaints.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a good and tried Medicine. It is pleasant, safe and sure.

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WANAMAKER & BROWN'S FINE CLOTHING.—This establishment, located at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets, and familiarly known as "Oak Hall," is the largest and best-conducted Ready-made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring house in Philadelphia. Their superior styles, excellent workmanship and moderation in prices have made their house deservedly popular. In their Custom department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best artists are employed, and the fine assortment of materials to select from enables every one to be well suited.

We can recommend this house to all our friends and those who live at a distance can have samples and prices sent by mail, with directions how to measure themselves, so that they can be fitted without difficulty. ap7-3m

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"London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing"

IS THE ONLY INFALLIBLE HAIR RESTORATIVE

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1.—It will restore gray hair to its original color.
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8.—It will cure all diseases of the scalp.

Only 75 cents a bottle; six bottles $4. Sold at Dr. SWAYNE'S, 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, and all leading Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. mar31-eowtf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, by Hon. Morton McMichael, Mayor, Mr. CYRUS B. LANTON to Miss LOUISA C. KELLENGER, both of this city.

On the 27th of March, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM ALLEN to Miss MARGARET BLOOMER, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. THOMAS S. YOUNG to Miss MARY A. FLICK, both of Chestnut Hill.

On the 28 of March, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. CLERMONT SMITH to Miss ANNIE L. SMITH, daughter of S. C. Smith, Esq., both of this city.

On the 29th of March, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. ADAM SIPE to Miss LOUISA STINGER, both of this city.

On the 29th of March, by the Rev. H. A. Boardman, Mr. JAMES BROWN to Miss ELLEN M. WILSON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, LYDIA S. WILLITS, widow of the late Jos B Willits, in her 75th year. She bore her illness with Christian fortitude, and died the death of the righteous.

We saw her sufferings, heard her sighs
With throbbing hearts and weeping eyes;
But now she calmly sleeps at last,
All pain, all grief, all suffering past.

On the 3d instant, GEORGE GILBERT, Jr., in his 24th year.

On the 1st instant, Mr. ALBERT SNYDER, in his 31st year.

On the 1st instant, Mr. JOHN LECKEY, in his 43d year.

On the 31st instant, WILLIAM S. PIERIS, in his 63d year.

On the 31st of March, JAMES DUNDAS, Sr., in his 66th year.

On the 31st of March, Mrs. REBECCA ABERNETHY, in her 66th year.

On the 30th of March, Mrs. MARY EMERSON, in her 90th year.

On the 29th of March, JAMES W. FLETCHER, in his 55th year

S—T—1860—X.

DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS.

They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet
They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Diarrhœa, Cholera and Cholera Morbus
They cure Liver Complaint and Nervous Headache
They are the best Bitters in the world. They make the weak strong, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are made of pure St Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. Only genuine when Cork is covered by our private U. S. Stamp. Beware of counterfeits and refilled bottles. P. H. DRAKE & CO.,
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It overcomes the unpleasant odor of perspiration.
It removes redness, tan, blotches, &c
It cures nervous headache and allays inflammation.
It softens and adds delicacy to the skin.
It yields a subdued and lasting perfume
It cures musquito bites and stings of insects.
It contains no material injurious to the skin.

Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere. Try the Magnolia Water once and you will use no other Cologne, Perfumery, or Toilet Water afterwards.

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Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

In the steel plate for the April number, "Waking," we find the usual superiority maintained by this magazine, for exquisite naturalness and high artistic finish. It is a sweet heart-picture of waking endearments between mother and child; the clear sunrise streaming through the broidering vines about the lattice and lighting up the scene—morning light and morning life, both pure, both fragrant with the breath of Heaven. The fashion plate is as usual unsurpassed. We sometimes wonder how it is that the publishers invariably secure this point. Even when the same artists have been at work there seems to be an unconscious favoritism that reserves for The Lady's Friend their best efforts and most signal successes. Very appropriately in this April number the children, spring buds of men and women, have it all to themselves, and an uncommonly pretty, graceful group they make. The wood cut illustrating "The Forsaken Wife" is full of tragic pathos; a winter scene, dreary and desolate as the heart of the sufferer.

Then follow a few of the wood cuts that every month offer their timely assistance to the ladies toward making a pleasing appearance—that important part of the business of life. A captivating bertha, a breakfast dress, useful and elegant in design, and a high bodice with basque, the front of which is ingeniously reflected from a mirror, are some of these. For music we find "Maiden's Eyes," a song from Festus—music by F. Schelling. For literary matter there is "Echo Vale," a story of a smuggler's cave; "Maud's Temptation," picturing for parents the evil influences of some fashionable boarding-schools; "Rescued by a Ghost;" the continued story, "Zillah," the denouement of which seems very uncertain, and the rival characters so winning the reader's interest that even his wishes as to the ending are in a state of indecision; "The Lock of Golden Hair," a fantastic rhyme from the rich and graceful fancy of August Bell; the tale of "The Forsaken Wife," told with such truth and power that no man or woman can read it unmoved; and "Uncle Richard," the moral of which is excellent.

The Work Table patterns for embroidery, dresses, &c., we commend to the industrious fair. The Editor's Department, Book Notices, Receipts and Fashions, conclude our list of attractions.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 6 copies (and one *gratis*) $16. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums.* Single numbers for sale by the newsdealers. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

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REPEATING PISTOLS,

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Rifle and Shot Gun Barrels, and Gun Materials sold by Gun Dealers and the Trade generally.

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REMINGTONS' REVOLVERS.

Parties desiring to avail themselves of the late improvements in Pistols, and superior workmanship and form, will find all combined in the New

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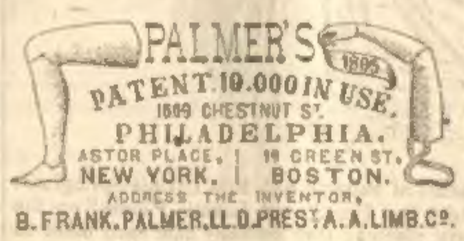

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GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE

Debility! Debility!

Resulting from any cause whatever;

H

PROSTRATION OF THE SYSTEM

INDUCED BY

Severe Hardships,
Exposure,
Fevers.

OR

DISEASES OF CAMP LIFE.

SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, MALE OR FEMALE,
ADULT OR YOUTH,

Will find this Bitters a pure Tonic, not dependent on bad liquors for their almost miraculous effects.

O

DYSPEPSIA,

And Diseases Resulting from Disorders of the Liver and Digestive Organs,

ARE CURED BY

HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

This Bitters has performed more Cures, gives better Satisfaction, has more testimony, has more Respectable People to vouch for it, than any other article in the market.

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We defy any one to contradict this assertion, and

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HOOFLAND'S

GERMAN BITTERS,

WILL CURE EVERY CASE OF

Chronic or Nervous Debility

AND

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

F

Observe the following Symptoms, resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fullness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant Imaginings of Evil, and great Depression of Spirits.

L

REMEMBER,

That this Bitters is not Alcoholic, contains no rum or Whiskey, and cannot make Drunkards, but is the Best Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seigfried, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen:—I have recently been laboring under the distressing effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to palm off sweetened and drugged liquor upon the community in a sly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. Upon learning that yours was really a medicinal preparation, I took it with happy effect. Its action, not only upon the stomach, but upon the nervous system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles. Very respectfully yours,
W. D. SEIGFRIED, No. 254 Shackamaxon St.

A

[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor Christian Chronicle, Philada.]

I have derived decided benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from derangement of the liver.
Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Pennypunk Baptist Church, Philada.]

From the many respectable recommendations given to *Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters*, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach. D. MERRIGE.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vincentown and Millville (N. J.) Baptist Churches.

Having used in my family a number of bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters, I have to say that I regard them as an excellent medicine, specially adapted to remove the diseases they are recommended for. They strengthen and invigorate the system when debilitated, and are useful in disorders of the liver, loss of appetite, &c. I have also recommended them to several of my friends, who have tried them, and found them greatly beneficial in the restoration of health.
Yours truly, WILLIAM SMITH,
926 Hutchinson Street, Philada.

N

Rev. J. S. Herman, of the German Reform Church, Kutztown, Berks County, Pa., was cured of Dyspepsia of twenty years standing.

A. M. Spangler, Editor of the *Culturist*, No 25 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia, says this Bitters was recommended to him by a medical friend, and six bottles cured him of complete prostration of the nervous system.

Rev. Thos. Winter, D.D., Pastor of Roxborough Baptist Church:
Rev. Levi G. Bock, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Pemberton, N. J., formerly of the North Baptist Church, Philadelphia, at present Pastor of the Baptist Church, Chester, Pa.:
These gentlemen express, in the strongest terms, their favorable opinion of this Bitters.

D

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☞ See that the signature of "C. M. JACKSON" is on the wrapper of each bottle.

☞ Should your nearest Druggist not have the article, do not be put off by any of the interesting preparations that may be offered in its place, but send to us, and we will forward, securely packed, by express.

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PAOLI ACCOM., No. 1	"	10 00	"
FAST LINE	"	12.00	M.
PARKESBURG	"	1 00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	2.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOM.	"	4.00	"
PAOLI TRAIN, No. 2	"	5.30	"
ERIE MAIL*	"	9 00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	"	11.10	"

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS*‡	at	1 10	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	"	7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No 1	"	8.20	"
PARKESBURG	"	9.00	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	12.30	P.M.
FAST LINE	"	1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	"	4.40	"
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A GOOD MAN WANTED IN EVERY TOWN and County in the United States, to engage in an honorable business. First-rate pay allowed. The only qualifications required are tact and industry. Address, with stamp, for particulars, Dr O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J. ap7-2t

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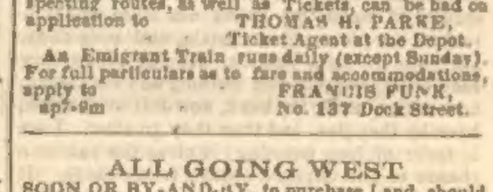

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HOW TO WIN THE UNDYING LOVE OF the fair sex. Sent by mail for 5 cts. Address J. F. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.

WHISKERS.—We will guarantee to every young man who uses RUSSELL'S ITALIAN COMPOUND, according to directions, a luxuriant growth of beard in five weeks, or cheerfully refund the money. Sent free, by mail, for 50 cts. Address MARK RUSSELL & CO., Box 89, Albany, N. Y. mar10-3m

HERE IT IS!—Full instructions by which a person can master the art of Ventriloquism in a few hours, and make a world of fun and a fortune. Sent by mail for 50 cts. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Address FRANKLIN & JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills. ap14-4t

WIT AND HUMOR.

An Essay on Navigation.

By Homo.

The great secrets of navigation are contained in a small compass.

When navigators desire to know the depth of the water, they generally drop a line for information, and it has usually led in the end to the obtaining the sought-for knowledge.

Ships go to divers parts of the earth, especially when they visit the pearl regions.

Vessels in a high wind are addicted to low gamboling, and do nothing but turn up coppers, and pitch and toss, while the gale lasts.

Sailors are very lawless persons, taking anything they need; in fact, they sometimes take the sun and moon.

Ships that directly oppose the authority of the winds by endeavoring to fly in their teeth, are put in irons immediately, and, becoming naturally ill-humored under such circumstances, have a very stern way about them.

Those who go down to sea in ships, are not very apt to turn up again.

Ships are not usually provided with gardens, although they have many small yards.

Steamers are likely to predominate over other descriptions of vessels, as they are much more prolific, and have a greater number of berths. They seldom fail, although they make a great many trips.

Merchantmen are generally successful in making sail.

Clipper-built vessels are dissipated in their habits, their *masts* being especially rakish.

The most unprofitable consignment that can be made is to ship a sea.

Vessels baffled by head-winds become very much enraged, and go to beating.

Ships have a great number of hands and knees; the masts all have feet and steps; the bows have figures and cat-heads; the ship itself has a fore-foot, but no hind one; and dead-eyes, so called because the *sea* cannot come through them.

One locomotive is sufficient loading for a vessel, as it always makes a cargo.

The most polite parts of the ship are the bows and the gallant yards.

Ships suffer but little from fair winds, but during head-winds they wear very much.

Captains are Robinson Crusonic in their reckonings, keeping the accounts of the voyage recorded on *logs*. On the return trip a back-log is used.

Most vessels are sociable in their manners, and have a companion-way about them.—*N. Y. Leader.*

Josh Billings on Courting.

Courtin is a luxury, it is ice water, it is the pla spell uv the sole. The man who has never courted has lived in vain. He has been a blind man among landscapes, he has been a deff man in the land of hand-organs, and by the side of murmuring canals. Courting is like two little springs of water that starts out from under a rock at the foot uv a mountain, and runs down hill side by side, singing, dancing, spattering each other, eddying and frothing and kaskading, now hiding under the bank, now full uv shadder, byemby they jine, and then they go slow. I am in favor of long courting; it gives the parties a chance to find out each other's trump cards. It is good exercise, and is just as innocent as 5 merino lambs.

Courting is like strawberries and cream—wants to be did slow, then you have got the flavor. I have seen folks get acquainted, fall in luv, get married, settled down, and get to work, in three weeks from date. This is the wa sum folks larn a trade—akounts for the great number of almighty mean mechanics and poor jobs they turn out.

Perhaps it is best I should state sum good advice to yung men who are about to court with a view to matrimony as it was.

In the fust place, yung men, you want to get yure system awlright, then find a yung woman who is willing to be courted on the square.

The next thing is to find out how old she is; wich you can do by asking her, and she will as she is 19 years old, and this you will find won't be far out of the wa.

The next thing is to begin moderate; as once in every nite in the week for the fust six months, increasing the dose as the pashent seems to require.

It is a fust rate way to court the girl's mother a little on the start, for there is 1 thing a woman never despises, and that is a little good courtin', if it is done on the square.

After the fust year you will begin to get acquainted, and will begin to like the bizziness.

There is 1 thing I always advise, that is not to swop forty grafts oftener than onset every 10 daze, unless you forget how the gal looks.

Okkasionally yu want to look sorry and draw in your wind as tho you had a pain; this will set the girl tu teezing you to find out what ails you.

Evening meetings are a good thing to tend. It will keep your religion in tune, and if yure gal happens to be there, bi accident, she can ask yu tu go home with her.

Az a general thing I woodn't brag on other girls much when I was courtin'. It might look as though yu knu tew much.

If you court three weeks in this wa, all the time on the square, if you don't say it is the sleekest time of your life, you can go to the "Young America" cheap store and get measured for a plug hat at my expense and pay for it.

Mrs. Poyser on Bachelors.—"However, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish. The Almighty made them to match the men. What a man wants in a wife is to make sure o' one fool as'll tell him he's wise. But there's some men can do wi'out that—they think so much of themselves al'ready—and that's how it is there's old bachelors."

☞ Artemus Ward says the railroad from San Francisco to St. Louis is now completed, excepting about 1,903 miles, which is by stage, that serves to break the monotony, and came near breaking his neck, and he firmly believes it would have broken the backbone of the rebellion if it had been there.

☞ A countryman who was charged with ten gallons of whiskey which a grocer put in an eight-gallon keg, said he "didn't mind the money overcharged so much as he did the strain on the keg."

☞ A boy's idea of having a tooth drawn may be summed up as follows:—"The doctor hitched fast on to me, pulled his best, and just before it killed me, the tooth came out."

Mr. Algernon Muddles has requested the pleasure of waltzing with Miss Lavinia Springfute: but as he can only scuffle about in what he calls the "Doo Tong," and Lavinia "dotes" on the old three-time business (and which the musicians are playing), they cordially hate each other in about two minutes!

Strong Confirmation.

The latest instance of "Spiritual Manifestations" that we have seen is, that recorded of a young man "Down East," whose father had promised, before his death, to hold invisible communication with him:

The spirit of the gentleman (who, by the way, had been somewhat severe in matters of discipline) was called up, and held some conversation with the boy. But the messages were not at all convincing, and the youth would not believe that his father had anything to do with them.

"Well," said the medium; "what can your father do to remove your doubts?"

"If he will perform some act which is characteristic of him, and without any directions as to what it shall be, I shall believe in it."

"Very well," said the medium, "we wait some manifestations from the spirit land."

This was no sooner said than (as the story goes) a table walked up to the youth, and, without ceremony *kicked him out of the room!*

"Hold on! stop him!" cried the terrified young convert; "*that's* the old man;—I believe in the rappings!"

Our hero has never since had a desire to "stir up the old gentleman."

Improvements in Paris.—It is very generally supposed that the demolition and re-edification of Paris are owing to an imperial inspiration. Nothing can be farther from the truth. The plans which are being carried out under M. Haussmann's supervision were all drawn out in the reign of Louis Philippe, were approved by that sagacious ruler, and finally deposited in a place of safety and oblivion, because no minister had the courage to ask from the Chambers either a grant of money or powers to enable the municipality to raise funds on their own account. As Balzac somewhere remarks, "Despotism illegally performs great things, while liberty will not take the trouble to legally perform very small things." Napoleon III. is therefore entitled to the credit of having dared to execute what his predecessors scarcely ventured to dream. After all, the end is not yet.

☞ Many of the Mexicans favor both armies—the imperial and the republican. One week a man receives a notification that he has been drafted as one of Maximilian's soldiers, and immediately he sends a substitute. The next week a similar notification is sent to the same man by a republican officer, and the victim has to send another substitute. Many of the wealthy men have a representative in each army.

☞ Philo Chase, of Litchfield, Conn., died a few days ago, aged seventy-five years. For the last twenty-five years his daily diet has been three pints of milk and one of whiskey. He adopted that diet from conviction that solid food injured him.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Double Cropping.

Busy, hurrying times are coming upon us again. Days stretching out, and many a busy farmer already slightly behindhand, wishing them stretched out to their greatest June length. Don't talk now to us ploughers, planters and sowers of eight hour enactments. We want none of it in these hurrying days. Wait till winter, and we will vote with you. Just now, please remember, we have to provide more for ourselves and families and stock, and you and your families besides, than we can possibly get along with by your eight hour rule.

And let us bear in mind also, though we may, in our hurry, forget several other less important matters, that a practice of judicious double cropping will help us along in results vastly—especially in our vegetable garden economy.

If we cultivate our garden by hand, and plant potatoes in hills, put in an early York cabbage plant between the potato-hills all through the patch. They wont interfere with each other's growth, and the hoeing serves for both. As fast as the potatoes are dug for early use, put in cabbages in their place.

All along the rows of early peas sow lettuce, radishes, and turnip beets—capital place to grow lettuce, sweet young beets to boil tops and all—good for crisp, tender radishes, and good for the peas by shading the vines near the ground where they first dry up—greatly prolonging the bearing season.

With the early corn, plant early beans of the running sorts, also. Saves poles, saves ground, saves much hoeing, and both will do just as well—only have the soil rich and in good condition. After early corn, potatoes, peas, and beans are off, put in cabbages and celery for fall and winter stock. Whenever cabbages begin to head-up hard, suspend cultivation and sprinkle in among them radish, turnip and lettuce seed. If you get nothing direct from these last sown seeds, there will be considerable top to them before hard frosts set in, which rotting during the winter will fertilize the soil to many times the value of seed and labor expended in sowing.

In field cropping, sow turnips always among corn, potatoes and tobacco, after the last cultivation and "laying by" of the main crop.

It is never good economy to plant or sow any one kind of grain or vegetable thick, thinking to force a maximum yield; but in very many instances we may fill in corners and chinks among one class of plants with another that takes from the soil what the first does not require for food, and oftentimes both will be benefitted by the companionship.

Fruit Fibers.

Don't stare, or start with astonishment, as if we were going to say—build fires of fruit as they are doing out on the prairies with corn. The idea *of fruit fires*, is to save or secure fruit from destruction, by fire.

Now as in April and May there will be tens of millions of ten different kinds of pests in the shape of moths, millers, beetles and flying bugs, all in some way inimical to fruit, flitting and holding carnival under and about all sorts of fruit trees and berry bushes during the early hours of the evening—mostly from dusk to nine o'clock, it will be a capital plan to make a raid by fire upon the guerrillas.

Go out of evenings—men, boys, women, girls, and little children—gather brush, rubbish, all sorts of trash—better burned than slattering about under foot—pile in heaps near fruit trees and bushes—take care not to get so close as to scorch them—set fire to the piles, raise bonfires—jolly fun, capital evening exercise. Profitable employment. You will probably singe the majority of the mothers of mischief out of existence, and be twice paid for your play spell—First by clearing up and making tidy all the grounds about the house, and then when the season comes round, by nice, fair, healthy plums, peaches, pears, apples, and berries, that you would never have seen anything of had the nocturnal flying dragons not been conquered by fire.

Farming Far North.

In the latitude of about 70 deg. 30 min. North, far within the Arctic circle, close down to North Cape, where the year is divided into *one* day and *one* night, is located the Norwegian town of Hammerfest, the most northerly town on the globe. And in the neighborhood, in the valley of the river Alten and along the banks of the Fiord Alten, some peas, lettuce, cabbages, turnips, considerable barley, and very fair crops of potatoes are grown every year.

So well does the potato succeed in this Arctic region, that although the area given to barley is more than double the potato surface, the yield of potatoes is always quite a third more than that of barley.

This Alten valley is by far the most northerly cultivated region in the world. Rather long days for farmers' hired man up there at Hammerfest, where about thirty-five days make an average lifetime. Only six dozen sunrises for an old man of seventy. It has been our luck to see *one* of them.

Clean Out the Cellars.

Awful foul, filthy, stinking places cellars are—a great many of them—especially farm-house cellars, where all manner of roots, fruits and vegetables have been stored, and many of them rotting all through the winter, beginning to smell not quite so pleasant as essence of strawberries about this time.

Better not neglect such places many days longer. There's *death* lurking there, to leap out at any moment and snatch a victim from your household. Then you will be an accessory before the fact—morally, almost a murderer. Yourself happening to be the victim, then a suicide.

Fall to at the cellar—dig, scrape, clean, cart, carry out and off every putrid, rotten, stinking thing. Whitewash, disinfect, lime, clean up, purify, and make the place tidy, sweet and wholesome. Who knows how soon the cholera may be striding about the country, gathering in its victims? It is likelier to come than to remain a stranger to us much longer. Better not to fling out filthy invitations. Don't let the monster spring upon you from the cellar.

Bad for the Beans.

Here is a new insect pest—at least new to us—a little mottled gray mite that eats white field beans as full of holes as a pepper box, and all the colored garden varieties into dust, leaving *Nota Bene.*

We discovered them first some ten days since, when a lady friend was overhauling her bags of seed beans grown last year within our city limits. The first bag turned out white beans drilled full of holes. The second produced—*bugs* and bean dust—not a whole bean.

We have seen and know pea and bean weevils, we know pea bugs, but these are strangers. Under a glass of twelve diameters they are a line or two less than the black pea bug or gray bean weevil—flattened, flaxseed shaped, four winged, six legs, thorax black, chestnut color underneath, antennæ four jointed and recurved. What are they? What shall we do with them? Who knows? We have a spoonful of the miscreants under glass waiting developments, and shall report future changes.

Golden Hair.

That ill-fated beauty, Beatrice de Cenci, was remarkable for her beautiful golden hair; and a golden lock that once glittered on the head of Lucretia Borgia now lies quietly among the treasures of the Vatican. Queen Catherine Parr's hair was of this rare and splendid hue; Mrs. Strickland, who possesses a ringlet taken from this Queen's head, after she had lain in her grave for more than two hundred years, describes it as exactly resembling threads of burnished gold; and singularly enough the daughter of Catherine's rival was rich in the same respect. Elizabeth was proud of her golden hair, and delighted to display it for the admiration of her courtiers. Of course, her foes declared it was red, not golden; and in a miniature of the time the painter has certainly lent color to the libel—as libel it undoubtedly was—for some half a dozen years ago a lock of the great Queen's hair was discovered in a copy of Sidney's "Arcadia" at Wilton. It had been presented to the chivalric poet by Elizabeth, and is described as soft, silky and wavy, of a beautiful golden brown color, without a tinge of red, and still shining as though powdered with gold-dust.

A professor of magic was bragging pretty largely of his slight-of-hand feats in the public room of a hotel, after his performance was over. A gentleman present offered to bet him that he would make everything on the table disappear in less than a minute. The professor at once booked the wager, when the other turned off the gas. The disappearance was complete, and the professor confessed himself "sold."

Studying English.—A Spanish gentleman studying English at Bridgeport, Connecticut, being at the tea-table, and desiring to be helped to some sliced tongue—in doubt as to the term, hesitated a moment, and then said, "I will thank you, miss, to pass me the *language!*"

☞ Dr. Livingston recently stated in a lecture that no less than forty missionaries succumbed to the deadly effects of the climate of Africa before a single conversion took place.

RECEIPTS.

Asparagus Soup.—After cutting the greenest part of the asparagus into pieces about an inch long, pulp the remainder and boil it in water until quite done; add some good stock to it and strain it. Boil the pieces separately and add them to the soup, and send up toasted bread with it if preferred.

Asparagus Soup With Green Peas.—Make a good soup of vegetables with strong meat broth. Cut some middling-sized asparagus into pieces about an inch or two long, blanch them in boiling water, and afterwards throw them into cold. Let them drain, tie them into small bundles, and having split the tips, boil them with half a pint of green peas, which must have been also previously boiled separately. When thoroughly done together, pulp them, rubbing them through a sieve and mix the pulp with the vegetable soup, adding pieces of the asparagus to float in the soup. If the soup should not be of a good color, it can be made green by mixing with it a little spinach that has been nearly boiled enough, squeezed dry and passed through a sieve.

Veal Roll with White Sauce.—In this case the bones must be removed at first, then seasoned with lemon-peel, pepper, salt, and nutmeg or mace (a single blade is enough;) roll it up, and tie it with strong thread; put it down to stew in pale stock, and, before served, add a little cream, flour, butter, and the yolks of three eggs well beaten; let it warm up, and add some mushrooms cut fine and stewed first in milk; serve this sauce over the veal. Some put forcemeat inside the roll.

Minced Fowl.—Take the remains of a cold roast fowl, and cut off all the white meat, which mince finely, without any skin or bone; but put the bone, skin, and etceteras into a stewpan with an onion, a blade of mace, and a handful of sweet herbs tied up; add nearly a pint of water; let it stew for an hour, and then strain and pour off the gravy, putting in a teaspoonful of Lea and Perrin's Worcestershire sauce. Take two hard-boiled eggs, and chop them small; mix them with the fowl; add salt, pepper, and mace, according to taste; put in the gravy; also half a tablespoonful of very finely minced lemon-peel, and one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, two teaspoonsful of flour, made into a smooth paste with a little cold water, and let the whole just boil. Serve with sippets of toasted bread. Some persons prefer Cayenne to common white pepper.

Azumea Rolls.—Three teaspoonsful of Azumea to one quart of flour; mix thoroughly, by passing two or three times through a sieve; rub in a piece of butter half the size of an egg, and make the paste with cold milk or water, (milk is preferable,) barely stiff enough to permit rolling out. Much kneading should be avoided. Cut into desired form and place immediately in a hot oven and bake quickly.

Corn Muffins.—One quart of Indian meal, sifted; heaping spoonful of butter; 1 quart of milk; salt-spoon of salt; 2 tablespoonfuls of distillery yeast; 1 of molasses. Let it rise four or five hours. Bake in muffin rings, or shallow pans.

Ginger Cookies.—Two cups of molasses; ½ do. of butter; 4 tablespoonfuls of hot water; 4 of ginger; 2 teaspoonfuls of soda. Bake quick.

Almond Cakes.—Seven ounces of sweet almonds, seven ounces of crushed sugar, two whites of eggs, and a little lemon-juice. Half the quantity of almonds are grated, and the other half cut into long pieces. The sugar, lemon-juice, and eggs are whisked till in bubbles; then mix the almonds in, and bake as above. This quantity makes forty cakes.

Bitter Macaroon.—These are made in the same way, but two-thirds are sweet and one-third are bitter almonds, and to one pound of these, one pound and three-quarters of sugar.

Orange Nuts.—Take seven ounces of flour, seven of sugar, and three eggs, one ounce and a half of orange peel, and the same of lemon-peel. Beat the eggs with the sugar for a quarter of an hour, add the flour and peels, beating it till no flour is visible. Form them into little balls, and bake them like the others.—E. B.

The whip for a trifle is made thus: whites of six eggs to five tablespoonfuls of sifted sugar, beaten until it becomes a solid froth. It can also be made richer with cream and white sifted sugar. These should be whipped together in small quantities, and as small portions become stiff, place them to drain on a sieve.

THE RIDDLER.

Astronomical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 40 letters.

My 36, 13, 33, 20, 11, is one of the asteroids.
My 32, 8, 24, 9, 6, is a Southern constellation.
My 10, 17, 15, 22, is a star, representing a mythological god.
My 12, 24, 31, 20, 3, is a sign of the zodiac.
My 18, 8, 24, 0, is the certain aspect of a planet.
My 31, 9, 35, 39, 21, 27, is a constellation of great antiquity.
My 4, 16, 22, 26, 17, is one of the asteroids.
My 33, 12, 31, 40, 20, 27, was an astronomer, who advanced the first theory of the asteroids.
My 23, 5, 15, 14, 19, 13, 2, 27, is a constellation representing a celebrated Theban prince.
My 39, 24, 23, 38, 6, 22, was a family of giants in Greece, the father of whom is represented by a planet.
My 14, 1, 24, 20, 35, 6, is a constellation representing the son of a heathen deity, also represented by a star.
My 19, 6, 24, 4, 40, 15, 27, 30, compresses the solar system.

My whole we should all consider and not forget.

JOHN C. OCHILTREE.

Steele, Ia.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Fair and bright my first comes stealing,
With soft steps of golden sheen,
Songful strains and shining blossoms,
While the earth laughs fresh and green.
O'er the hills and meadows breaking,
At the dawn and evening hour,
Hear my second, gently waking
The still air with spell like power.
Write my whole in flow'ry letters,
Meet the beautiful to frame,
For it breathes in dulcet whispers,
A sweet maiden's lovely name.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first when dipped in liquid strange,
And let fall upon parchment thick and old,
Makes the thoughts of millions range
O'er the ages grown dim and cold.

My second rests upon the ground,
And beneath the *rail* is found;
'Tis also a name given to the floor,
Resting close under the door.

My third is a term in Latin, if I remember right,
And means when Anglicised, "I came;"
I may be lost in Oblivion's Night,
If so, please spare my Classic fame.

My fourth can be used in different ways;
You can find it in the centre of amaze,—
It is an ejaculation of approbation,
And in the alphabet, occupies a high station.

My whole is the name of a broad domain,
That in the Union ranks a loyal state;
And must, through weal or woe remain;
For, 'tis the centre of the Arch's weight.

J. GREENWOOD LINDEN.

Mathematical Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

What is the diameter of a circle containing 1 acre of ground? DELTA.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required the curve surface of a hyperboloid whose altitude is 10, the transverse and conjugate axes of the generating hyperbola being 30 and 18? MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A globe ten feet in diameter is elevated one mile above the surface of the earth. Required the area of the circle (of the earth's surface) hid by the globe from a man standing on it, who is five feet six inches in height to his eyes.

Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What question is that to which you must answer yes? Ans.—What does y—e—s spell?

☞ When is a man like a fish? Ans.—When his mother is a good old *sole* and his father a little common place (*plaice.*)

☞ When does a cow become real estate? Ans.—When she is turned into a field.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"The Phantom of the Forest." CHARADE—Coal-Oil. CHARADE.—Chinchilla (chin—chill—a.) DOUBLE REBUS—Salmon and sorrel (sassafras—alto—lever—mortar—ounce—nail)

Answer to Cosmo's, of March 10th. There are several methods of managing this question. The following is as simple as any that can be found. 1st. We would suspend both balls by as delicate a thread as possible. We would then immerse the two balls in a vessel filled with water heated to the degree of ebullition, and that which should preponderate we would consider the gold ball.

Or, we might make a round hole in a plate of copper, of such a size that both balls should pass through it with ease: we would then bring them to a very strong degree of heat. And if we admit that silver expands more than gold, we would apply each of them to the hole, and the one which experienced the greater difficulty in passing through, ought to be accounted silver. —Morgan Stevens.

An Irishman fell in love with a lady, but she, instead of reciprocating his affections, fell in love with another man and married him, which caused Pat to exclaim in the fulness of his heart: "Och, would that you had been born twins, so that I could have had half of you."